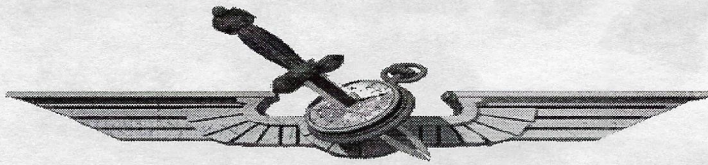


STAR KILLS **OF** *Removal*

The Official Newsletter of the Church of the SubGenius

Countdown to X-Day
Devivals
SubGenius Illuminati
More crap to buy!

By Rev. Ivan Stang 1998



This Issue of the Stark Fist is dedicated to Saint Dexter Ball.
His generous contribution made this possible and brings us one
more step closer to the destruction of the Conspiracy!



THE OFFICIAL NEWSLETTER OF THE CHURCH OF THE SUBGENIUS

BROUGHT TO YOU BY:

High Epopt: J.R. "Bob" Oodds
Editors: Craig Mitchell, Rev. JC "Steve"
Bevilacqua, Rev. Ivan Stang, Rev. Magdalen
Layout/ Design: Mitchell/Bevilacqua
WRITERS/CONTRIBUTORS: Rev Ivan Stang, Pope
Angus, Rev Nickie DeathChick, Jesus Christ,
Irr. Friday Jones, Ferdinandande, Atom Funway

Printed by: Maraketh Express

THE SUBGENIUS FOUNDATION
P.O. BOX 140306 DALLAS, TX 75214
PHONE / FAX (214) 324 - 0993
TOLL FREE ORDER LINE 1 (888) 669 - 2323
E-MAIL: SLACK@SUBGENIUS.COM
WEBSITE: WWW.SUBGENIUS.COM
NEWS GROUPS: ALT.SLACK;
ALT.BINARIES.SLACK
PAY PER RANT 1 (900) 226-5715 EXT. 123
24/7 DEVIVAL HOTLINE (214) 556 - 0338

CONTENTS:

- 3: LETTER FROM THE SACRED SCRIBE -REV. IVAN STANG
- 6: X DAY-VERSIONS - FRIDAY JONES END OF THE WORLD STORY, DON'T LET THIS HAPPEN TO YOU.
- 11: X DAY INFORMATION/APPLICATION
- 18: ARMAGEDDON - LEGUME VS STANG IN A BATTLE FOR THE CHURCH
- 20: INWO SUBGENIUS. AVAILABLE NOW!
- 23: NICKIE DEATHCHICK ORDERS YOU TO GO TO THIS PAGE NOW!
- 24: WHY WE DON'T TALK ABOUT "BOB" - HOW TO WITNESS BY REV. J.C. "STEVE" BEVILACQUA
- 26: FUCK THE GRAMMIES - WE DID, FOUND OUT WHY AND HOW HARD.
- 2: YOU'RE LOOKIN' AT IT DUMBASS
- 14: CATALOG ORDER FORM
- 15: SCATALOG
- 22: RIP -GOODBYE, SEE YOU SOON.
- 29: OTHER MUTANTS

THE LAST* STARK FIST

** Don't worry. If you have more issues of the Stark Fist coming, by Dobbs you WILL get them. Even if we have to hand all of them to you aboard the Space Vessels! — Jesus*

From the Office Pew of Rev. Ivan Stang

Just down the road from us, where Dallas turns into Garland, there was the sweetest little End of the World cult from Taiwan, called the God's Salvation Church. Their Teacher Chen said that God had told him through his hand that He would be on TV on March 24. Then, on March 31, at 10 a.m., He would appear at Teacher Chen's house in a flying saucer to rescue the faithful from the Apocalypse.

God didn't show on the 24th, and at first old Teacher Chen admitted that it might all be delusion and nonsense. (If only the Christians, Moslems, Hindus, etc. would be so forthcoming!) But then they back-pedaled and said, well, they knew all along that God wasn't really gonna be on TV; they just wanted the media attention so that more people would know about God appearing with His saucers on the 31st. When the saucers didn't show, Chen decided that God will show up in Wisconsin, so the cult's heading there next.

Friends, thank "Bob" that we don't have to worry about looking silly in the media, like those poor Taiwanese cultists. X-Day WILL happen, in all its glory and violence, and ecstasy and orgies, aboard the Pleasure Vessels just as specifically outlined in The Book of the SubGenius and Revelation X.

Needless to say, I'm getting an earful of VAPID BLATHER these days, from "Halfway SubGeniuses," the ones who STILL THINK this is all just a "FUNNY JOKE," saying, "Now come on, Rev. Stang -- whatchu really gonna do come X-Day?" Indeed, there are even those sad, brilliant prophetic super-geniuses who say, "I don't THINK there's going to be an X-Day at all!"

What the HELL did they spend that \$30 for, then?? One has to wonder.

Then there are those who say, "Well, sir/



photo : Mike Digiolla

maam, I'm eagerly awaiting X-Day, maxing out my credit card on False Slack and SubGenius goods, like "Bob" said to do, and buying memberships for all my relatives and friends that I don't want to see left behind...BUT, I believe I'll just sit here at my house on July 5 and wait for X-Day to come to me, as

the Earth rotates beneath the great line of Xist "presence's." So I don't feel the need to bust my ass traveling all the way to this little town in the boonies in New York, just to be with a bunch of other SubGenius geeks."

Actually, you DO INDEED need to bust your ass getting to Brushwood Folklore Center in Sherman, NY. There will never be another PURE SUBGENIUS DAY like it... on EARTH. Everything REAL and which truly COUNTS about the Church, besides the adoration of Dobbs of course, will come to its climax at Brushwood campground in Sherman NY in 1998 on X-Day. For on that day, in that place, THE SUBGENIUS WILL HAVE SLACK.

Let me put it this way. I have kicked through the ashes of the Branch Davidian sect cult compound in Waco, and I have juggled skulls from Jonestown in the boardrooms of the Nine Elder Bankers. I've been to the Eiffel Tower, the Grand Canyon, the Great Wall of China, and a Jimi Hendrix concert. But if I had my druthers, I'D RATHER BE RUPTURING FROM BRUSHWOOD ON X-DAY!!

TRUE -- it doesn't matter WHERE you are on X-Day. You'll be Ruptured, or not, depending on whether you PAID UP or not. It isn't like you'll "miss X-Day" just because you weren't at this particular location. *I* can SURE as hell understand how someone might have more pressing family matters to deal with, with the Rupture upcoming, than to be traveling to this hippie dippy paganoid half naked campground.

UNDERSTANDABLE! You have your own priorities. NO PROB! None will gainsay you. (DUMBASS!!!!) BUT, WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO LOSE--??? Are you really EXPECTING to need MONEY, or your CAR or HOUSE afterwards? (Also, you won't get to be in the MOVIE that'll be largely filmed at this event.)

HAPPY LAST YEAR

Popess Lilith sez:

"Those of you who thought a devial was wild DO NOT KNOW WILD YET, in comparison to... a DRILL. A TRIAL RUN. A *PRACTICE*!!! THIS... IS THE REAL THING.

"I consider the X-Day celebration to be *almost* as important as X-Day itself, and EVEN IF, dare I say it, the Xists *didn't* show up, why, most of us would still remember this gathering as one of the best times of our lives. And yet it's only an *appetizer* compared to what awaits us in the Pleasure Saucers!

"So, why should we go? BECAUSE, DAMN IT ALL, JUST FUCKING BECAUSE. Visit SubSite if you want to see pictures, mere 2-D representations of the Drill, and ask yourself: If the pictures are this INTERESTING and ENTICING, and if the Drill will pale in comparison to the X-Day Celebration Itself, CAN MY EYESTALKS STAND IT? "Then shout YES THEY CAN! And start planning TODAY." --
P-Lil



One of my B E S T FRIENDS, an Old School Hierarchite, one of the 13 Apostles, said, "Man, it doesn't look like I'm gonna be at Brushwood for X-Day... I have the choice of either spending the weekend with you old SubGenius buddies, or instead I can start this new JOB being paid to travel all over the world with my girlfriend, fropping and writing. I can do that, or else go to X-Day and lose the

job."

And he calls this a DECISION? AS IF THERE WAS GONNA BE A "WORLD" LEFT WORTH TRAVELLING IN!!!! As if, having BOUGHT that \$10 membership back in 1980, he will have any CHOICE about being Ruptured. He could chain himself and his girlfriend inside a bank

you make it to the Slack Orgy at Brushwood or not. GRANTED, 5 minutes into the Rupture you may find your Escape Vessel/Pleasure Planet under ATTACK from Dr. Legume's fleet of Holocaustal battle planets. Once Ruptured, Dobbs will protect you from the Pinks and the Con. But nobody said anything about YOUR FELLOW SUBGENIUSES. That's why some of us think it might be a good idea to be right there alongside as many of our "brothers and sisters" as possible, if for no other reason than to GET THE JUMP ON 'EM if they TRY ANYTHING "SMART," if you know what I mean. And if you're a SubGenius, you probably don't.

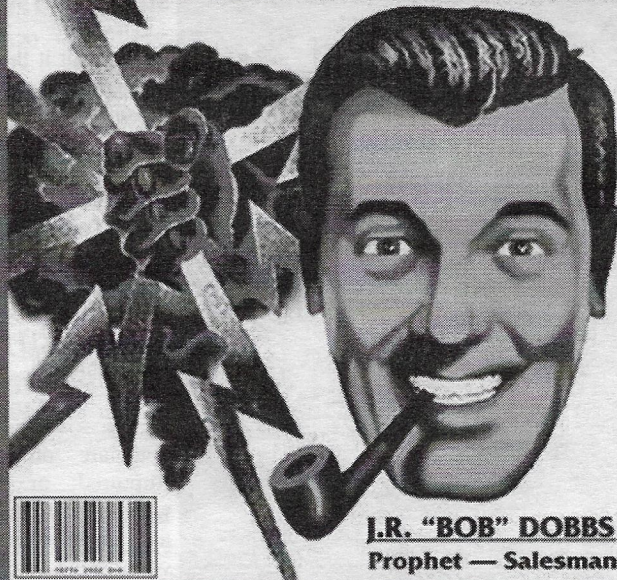
Your choice. All I know is, the time is rushing up on us. The spray painting is on the wall. As I type this on April 3, there are 93 days left until X-Day. Only 3 months. Only 14 weeks.

JULY 3, 1998

FINAL EDITION

TIME

**X-DAY IMMINENT
WHY DIDN'T WE LISTEN?**



J.R. "BOB" DOBBS
Prophet — Salesman

©1996 - Poindexter

Fourteen more SHITTY Mondays.
Fourteen more CRAPPY Tuesdays.
FOURTEEN more SCUM-SUCKING
BASTARD Wednesdays. FOURTEEN
GODDAMNED WORTHLESS SHIT
more THURSDAYS. Fourteen
FRIDAYS THAT HAD BETTER
PASS QUICK BEFORE I GET A
FUCKING RIFLE AND TAKE OUT A
POST OFFICE! Fourteen
SATURDAYS WHERE I CAN'T GET
ENOUGH DRUGS AND ALCOHOL TO
DEADEN THE PAIN, OR ENOUGH
TRANQUILIZERS TO MAKE ME
stop WANTING TO HURT THEM A
MILLION-BILLION TIMES WORSE
THAN THEY HURT ME.

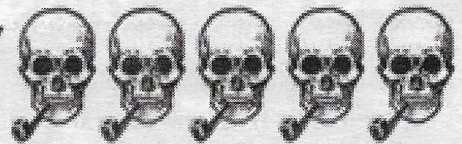
"And fourteen Sundays, too. Unless you count X-Day, which falls on a Sunday.
"Have a nice 93 days. Then all of you die."
--From: monet<nothing@succeeds.com>

vault, but he'd better hope she has a Membership too, or she'll be mangled horribly as he is force-teleported through that bank vault ceiling while still chained to her!

OH, YEAH. You'll be Ruptured whether



X-DAY





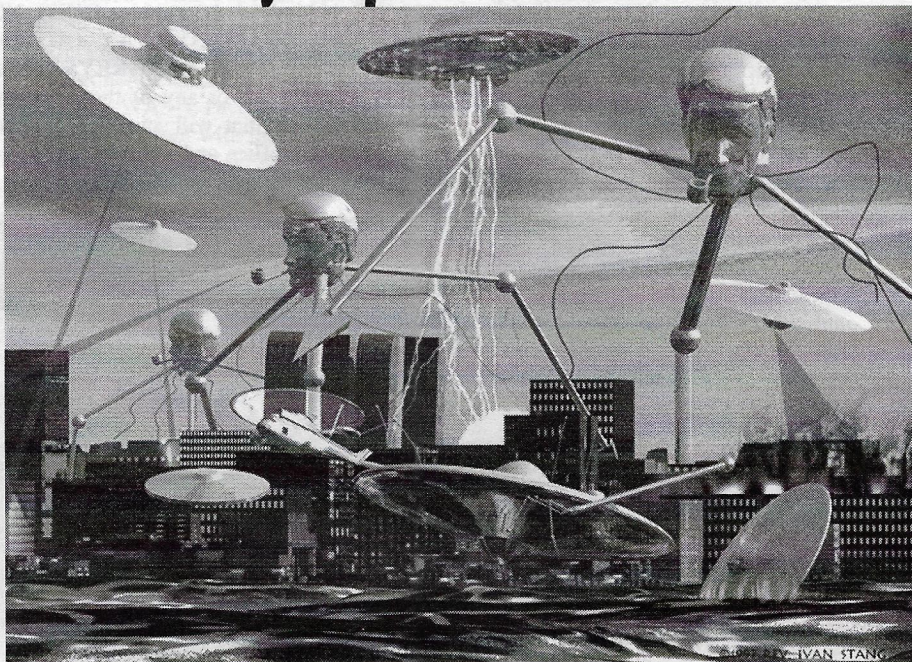
X-DAY VERSIONS

© 1978 by the IrReverend Friday Jones

Dave and Jeff had been punching their way along Route 88, over to Route 17, through the endless rolling hills, winding around the cars abandoned along the highway. In the back seat, Tony coughed. When he coughed he expectorated tiny little pink chunks: not bloody, but clearly little pieces of Tony. In the three days that Dave and Jeff had known him, he already seemed to be about twenty pounds thinner. And getting thinner all the time.

"How far is it to this place?" groused Jeff, pushing his greasy hair back from his forehead. Jeff hadn't bathed since the end of the world, which occurred about two weeks earlier. No more wife, no more working - so who needs to bathe? The other two men put up with the smell, because at least it proved that he was another human being.

"My cousin Bill Blattroot told me about this a few years ago, just before he disappeared. About these weird freaks who had some sort of secret meetings up



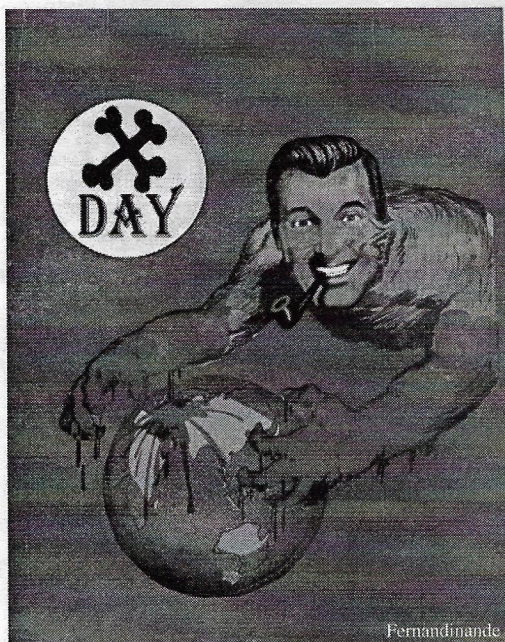
in Sherman, NY. They said the world was going to end. And they were right. I'm just hoping that I can get my hands on one of them." Preferably one that he could make scream. Dave clenched his fists on the steering wheel, unable to feel them or the blood that ran down his wrists from the nail gouges in his palm. He was numb ... so very numb.

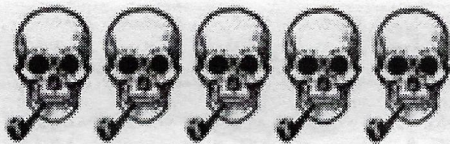
The three men in the battered car crawled along the highway. Almost all of the cars they passed were burned or broken in some way. Tony pointed out one with the elongated, burnt shadow of the driver stretching away from the open door, as though he'd tried to run away from the car before he was incinerated from the inside. Animals roamed along the shoulders of the highway, fearless. A snake coiled and prepared to strike at a toad, which spouted a brief gout of fire from its nostrils and sent the serpent fleeing. There was something terrible up in the overcast sky,

behind the clouds that never parted and were always bright, something that none of the men wanted to look at. The world had ended with a bang, and before the last vibrations died away, they were going to see what was left of Sherman, New York.

Even before they got to the campground, they saw the Heads. Dave slammed the car to a stop at the first glimpse of the blue-black pompadour looming over the trees - a pompadour of hair that would not have looked out of place on the head of Paul Bunyan. All three of the men sat frozen in the car, waiting for the Head to turn, waiting for it to come pumping towards them on its three legs, waiting for the Fire of the Pipe. But there was nothing.

Dave could see what looked like the top of a second Head behind the first. He'd seen the Heads burning through New York City, dancing on the flaming bridges as they herded the swarms of people to and fro. Wading across to Manhattan, their Pipes shooting up fountains of pure light that lit up the land for hundreds of miles around, shining off the Atlantic. But these





X-DAY



Heads just seemed to be - sitting there. Waiting? Resting? Slowly ... ever so slowly ... Dave turned the key, started the car, and backed it behind the shelter of a covered bridge.

In hushed tones they conferred, and decided to camp back along the road a ways. If the Heads hadn't moved in the morning, they would chance it. At least it showed they were on the right track, said Jeff, and the others agreed. In the brush they huddled that night, not like frightened rabbits but like frightened men. They did not dare to build a fire, and passed around cold cans of baked beans and peaches. Dave was very careful to put the can of beans down on the ground, and push it within Jeff's reach, and then jerk his hand away before Jeff touched it. It looked weird, but none of the men even noticed it by now.

Jeff picked up the can, and a miracle occurred. What had been a half-full can of beans turned - in the twinkling of an eye! - into a can, still labeled beans, but filled halfway with dog food. Cheap dog food. The gray kind, with chunks of gristle, that you buy for a dog you don't like, and still feel guilty when it eats it and looks up at you, miserable to its guts.

Sullenly, gagging, Jeff took out his own spoon and started eating the dog food. It could have been a can of beans, or a jar of caviar, or a roast turkey sandwich. It would still turn to dog food as soon as Jeff touched it or the container it was in. All of the food the men carried had been packed in the trunk, and Dave and Tony took turns carrying it when they switched cars.

Tony coughed out another tiny lump and hurriedly flicked it away into the darkness; he had felt it squirming in his palm before crushing it. It was quiet. The dew seemed to be falling hard and wet all around them, and they slept in the car, mellow in the stink of Jeff's body and breath. Every sip of air Dave took in seemed to leave another cold stain on his

heart. The quiet was terrible - not even a cricket or an owl. Although in the distance, at the Brushwood Folklore Center, there seemed to be a shiver of

*The world had ended with a bang,
and before the last vibrations died away,
they were going to see what was left of
Sherman, New York.*

noise leaking though the air.

The Heads were still, one standing on each side of the dirt road. Their terrible eyes were open, but they did not move. The morning sun gleamed off their immense, perfect teeth, each one the size of a king-sized pillow. The Pipes smoked only a little. They weren't really rocking back and forth to the

Tony was muttering, very very faintly, to Jesus as they passed between the giant Heads and went up the road. There was a low building on their right, with an open front, and blowing out of it was money. Quite a lot of money.

Jeff looked inside and saw tables literally piled with loose money. He bent and picked up a five hundred dollar bill, and then dropped it. It was just paper now. Trees obscured their view over the rest of the campground, but once they got out of the trees they could see that they were definitely in the right place. The dirt road under their feet had turned to yellow bricks - bricks of gold. Ahead of them was an open field, with a terrible light burning over it. The grass writhed like a cat in heat, every blade seeming to twine with the next.

Shards of tent fabric blew over the writhing greenery. A praying mantis the size of a small dog sat in a tree and stared over its shoulder at them. And right in front of them was a pavilion, with practically its entire roof burned off as though a giant flaming hand had wrenched it loose. The three men knew those burn marks: the marks of the people who Went Up that day. But so many of them ... so many ... They went to the pavilion.

The earth was scorched into hundreds of bowl-shaped depressions, each one presumably where a person had been standing. Scattered among the seared grasses were cups of Kool-Aid, clear gelatin capsules, more money, and pipes. Lots of pipes. Dave went up to the front of the pavilion, where a low stage was strewn with weird musical

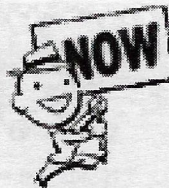
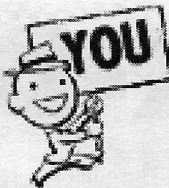
instruments.

An atonal music still seemed to be humming in the air, through the balls of his feet, as though the stage had soaked up music and was releasing it bit by bit. He carefully stepped around a guitar that was slowly turning itself round and round like a top, and came to a podium. It was piled with notes, and behind it lay a



vague music that seemed to be coming from the campground; it just seemed that way.

Dave, Tony and Jeff had left the car behind them and walked up to the Brushwood Center. They didn't think of the car as protection: they knew that nothing could protect them from the things that were loose in the world now.



scorched white tuxedo. Long, loose locks of gray and brown hair were tumbled around the stage.

Dave picked up a lock of hair absently, maybe because it reminded him of his mother's, and started reading the notes on the podium. They were some sort

THEY KNEW!

of a speech - something about an Escape Plan. He didn't notice until he went to turn the page that the lock of hair he had picked up was twining around his fingers, sinking into them, and already bringing blood from under his nails. His fingers were turning purple and he couldn't feel anything, anything as he awkwardly opened his Swiss Army Knife with the wrong hand and his teeth, and started slashing away at the predatory strands of hair. They parted reluctantly, and Dave was left to look at the bloody gashes he had put into his own flesh. Suddenly he felt cold: he had cut a ragged "B" into his palm, complete with quote marks. "Shit," said Jeff, followed by "shit shit SHIT!" He was holding a piece of paper that looked like a ticket. It was, in fact, labeled Saucer Ticket. Furthermore, it informed the incredulous Jeff that the Bearer was entitled to a One-Way Trip From A Doomed Planet if redeemed by July 5th, 1998.

Tony was staring up at the pool. He had to stare up because the water had formed itself into a twisting spire that was held up by - what? The water flowed, up and down, now a pointing finger, now a unicorn's horn, now a throbbing penis. It was at least fifty feet high. It was beautiful - probably the most beautiful thing Tony had seen since the end of the world.

The grass beyond was cut into a pattern of circles within circles, and lines,



and shapes. The water pointed, now at the sun, now at the Heads, and now at him. He cringed.

book full of papers in one bleeding hand. "These fuckers KNEW the end was coming and they ESCAPED!" Dave was literally frothing; he'd bitten his tongue in his anger and didn't know it, and he sprayed little pink drops on the page as he read from it. "And the Pleasure Saucers of the Sex Goddesses will be here in just a few short hours, taking us away to Planet X, while we leave these Pinks behind to fry in HELL ON EARTH." They knew that ... all this ... was going to happen! They KNEW and they didn't TELL ANYONE!"

"Who would they tell?" said Tony, whose sides were starting to billow like a sail in a slack breeze. "Who would believe them? Lots of people used to say

... the end was coming and they ESCAPED

"THEY KNEW!!!!!"

Tony and Jeff were sitting, exhausted, in plastic lawn chairs that they had dragged down from under the gaze of the Heads. They sat in the low building, watching Dave pace back and forth, kicking up the money in little flurries like autumn leaves and waving a





the world is going to end." Dave kicked Tony in the stomach and his foot sank in, sickeningly, as though into a deflating balloon. He hopped back as Tony clutched himself and fell out of the chair, writhing, but still alive.

His gut had a dent in it the size of his head, and Dave felt sick just looking at it. But he kept on trying to say the endless babblings in his mind, tried to spit it out in words, while trying to forget the noise that had come out of Tony when he hit him.

"But ... They..." Dave was speechless, and he turned on Jeff where he sat in his chair, rocking back and forth just a little bit, staring at two pieces of paper he had picked off the table. "One," Jeff mumbled. "One WHAT?" screamed Dave, not caring if he waked the Heads or anything else in this damned place.

"One dollar." Jeff held out the two pieces of paper - one was a pamphlet that he had been reading. It did indeed say that The World Will End July 5th, 1998, and only the members of the Church of

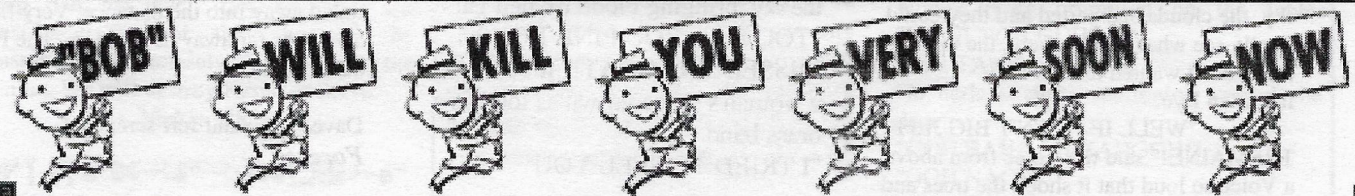
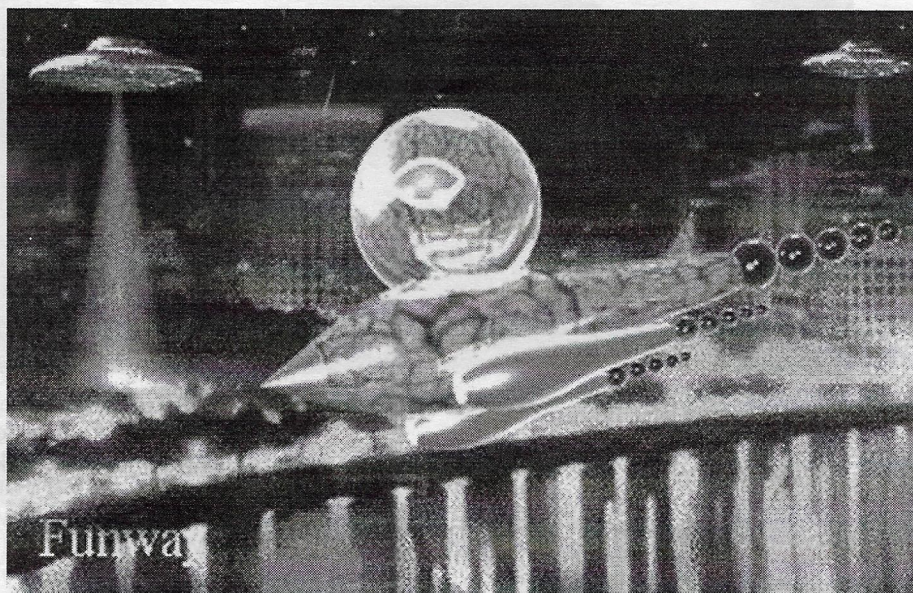
the SubGenius would be saved. It went on and on, for page upon page, about the Conspiracy and the End Times and the Superior Mutants and "Bob" - the man whose face was worn by the terrible hell-machine Heads, they

could all see that.

On the top right hand-corner of the pamphlet was written '\$1.00.' The pamphlet was copyrighted circa 1981. The other piece of paper was a one dollar bill. Jeff dropped it, and it fluttered out the door, folded itself neatly into a smart green butterfly, took wing and floated away.

Jeff swept his arm though the stacks of money, standing up now, and dug up necklaces! And books! Videotapes! Piles and piles of audio tapes! The other two men were helping now, finding press releases and marketing plans and stickers and buttons and CD's and medals and plates and inflatable squid and DVD's and pipes and everywhere money, calculators, coin stackers, money wrappers, sales lists, mailing lists, membership lists.

Dave picked up this list and read the first page. His lip trembled faintly. "Eternal Salvation \$30 - Or Triple Your Money Back." It was stamped on the top of the page. "Thirty dollars. That's what they were charging. Thirty dollars to escape the end of the world." Tony had just coughed onto the classified ads section of the New York Times dated July 1st, 1998. Around the twitching specks of his own flesh, he could see ad after ad that





X-DAY



said "the world ends July 5th 1998 send \$30 to PO Box 140306 Dallas TX 75214 and you will be saved!"

There were lots of these ads, all written differently but all saying basically the same thing, crammed in with the prayers to St. Joseph and the Virgin Mary and the Great Spirit.

The men were so intent on what they had discovered that they didn't even hear the

send the papers flying everywhere and drove all three men to their knees.

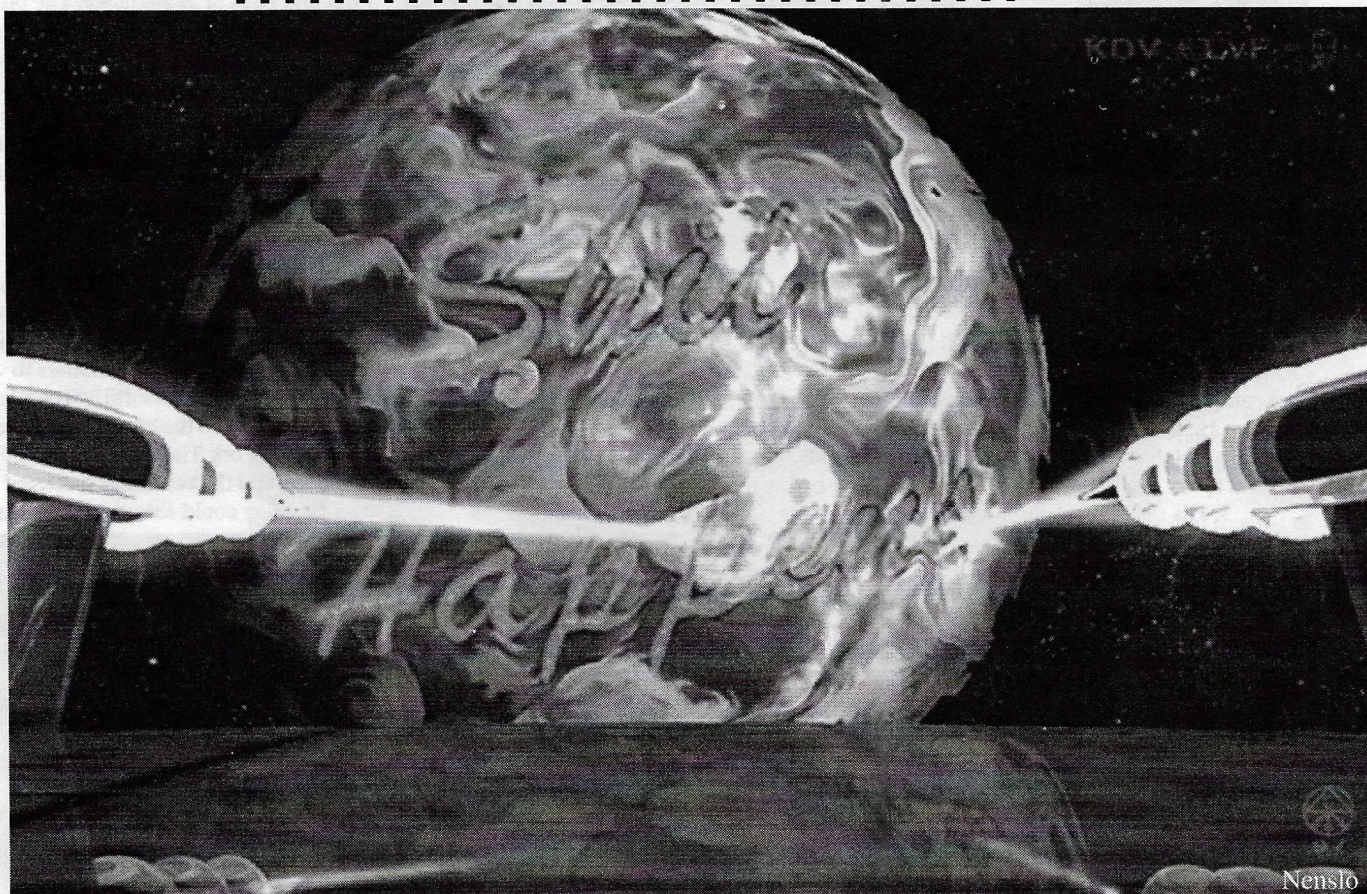
"REMEMBER FOURTH GRADE? REMEMBER MAKING ME EAT THAT CAN OF DOG FOOD? HOW DO YOU LIKE THE TASTE OF DOG FOOD NOW, EH BIG JEFF?"

SALVATION BUT YOU JUST WEREN'T INTERESTED! TOO LATE NOW!"

Dave was clawing at his pockets with his numb fingers, looking for his wallet. Then he snatched up a fistful of money and waved it at the sky, tears

running down his face. The other men were doing the same, leaping, pleading, tossing money upwards towards the Eye, weeping in terror as the Heads bent over the shell of the

***Thirty dollars to escape
the end of the world***



faint creaking of the roof's nails being bent, ever so slowly, out of their seating. Not until the roof itself was torn off, and they all looked up screaming.

The Heads were there, and their Pipes were twin swords of energy jutting from their jaws. And above them in the sky, the clouds had parted and they could finally see what was up there, the thing they hadn't wanted to look at. It was an Eye.

"WELL IF IT ISN'T BIG JEFF TREMAINE!" said the Voice from above, a Voice so loud that it shook the trees and

Jeff seemed to cringe inside his skin, shrinking, cowering from the Voice and the Eye. His voice was the squeak of a mouse in a trap. "Who ..." "OH YOU PROBABLY DON'T REMEMBER ME JEFF, BUT I REMEMBERED YOU!" And then another Voice was shattering the sky, bringing blood to their ears. "TOO BAD YOU PINK BOYS MISSED THE BOAT!" it bellowed, a woman's voice grown as loud as a brass band. "I TRIED TO SELL YOU

building. The men's tiny voices ran together, sounding like one endless begging. "Please ... we have the money ... we want to be saved ... please ... we'll join ... PLEAASEEE!"

But all there was in the sky was laughter. Giant, booming laughter, that faded away into the distance. Very far away. As far away as the stars. The Pipes came alight.

Dave, Tony and Jeff screamed.
Forever.



X DAY INFORMATION RULES and APPLICATION

Find Sherman, NY on a NY map.

It's off Rte. 17, west of Chautauqua Lake in the southwestern part of the state, at the very tip, where it's reaching for and almost touching Ohio. 430 runs through it; 76 crosses through it, Rt.17 also

Go to Sherman.

Sherman's only one block long. Main Street = 430. Go to the west end of Main (Ford dealer on the corner) and turn south onto Co.Rd. 15. Take 3 miles to first 4-way intersection, which is Bailey Hill Road. Turn right (west) on Bailey Hill and go 1 mile.

Brushwood is on the left,

with a sign.

If you get lost, you can call Brushwood at (716) 761-6750. For any other purpose, call the Devival Hotline Voice Mail at: (216)556-0338

VENDING

If your idea of true Slack is relieving others of the incredible burden of material wealth, then you are welcome to vend. There is no extra fee to vend, and you can sell anything allowed by State Law. Mind readings, Yeti-Love Massages, 'Zines, Psychic-Pstench-Portraits, it's up to you. Except Official Licensed SubGenius Merchandise: Of course "Bob" and the SubGenius Foundation are the only ones permitted to sell their merchandise at the X-Day Drill.

CONDITIONS

Brushwood is 180 lush acres of rolling hills and majestic woodlands, with indoor hot showers, flush toilets, a roofed swimming pool and hot-tub area, a giant pavilion for holding tent-show devivals, and enough electrical power to keep

TEN THOUSAND DOKTORBANDS CRANKING OUT THE HITS USING ALL THEIR EQUIPMENT, WHILE BREATHING CHURCH AIR, AND PERFORMING NASAL SEX, STARK NAKED, RIGHT THERE IN FRONT OF EVERYBODY, ALL NIGHT LONG!!

It'll scare the shit out of the norm-worms and PROBABLY US TOO!!

But this isn't the sleazy poebucker set-up that The Pink Inside You fears.

Brushwood is COMFORTABLE. The situation is SECURE. We will have our OWN "police." The folks who run the site, and the town nearby, have been doing this for YEARS, and are COOL with "BOB"! THIS IS THE PERFECT PLACE to AWAIT THE RUPTURE! NONE MAY STOP US -- and NONE MAY ESCAPE ONCE THE GATE CLOSES!!

what to Bring

This is a semi-developed camping facility, RV's and Campers are allowed but there are no RV hookups. There are a limited number of vehicles allowed on site, please call ahead to get parking permit. Bring EVERYTHING YOU'LL NEED. NO ONE WILL BABYSIT YOU. There will be food for sale at the site, but you can bring your own. Bring tent, sleeping bag, flashlight, food, cookstoves, first aid, rain gear. (The water there is ok.) Nights can be VERY COLD even in July, so bring warm stuff. NO PETS OF ANY KIND.

what's New?

More SubG Celeb's — This being the final year, we've already gotten confirmation from just about every preacher that has EVER ranted : Janor, Myers, Hal, Papa Joe, Legume, Stang, Floozie, Sterno. Every Alt.Slack Guru: Dynasor, Tarla, Nickie, Friday etc. And even "famous amongst the Pink" superstars (who've asked to remain anonymous.. don't worry you'll

**BRUSHWOOD FOLKLORE
CENTER
SHERMAN, NY
X-DAY 1998!! JULY 2
through 5**

*"...a LITTLE TASTE of
DOBBSTOWN!!!"*

There is THE LAST SUBGENIUS
EVENT! —EVER!

Can you feel it, children? That low rumble coming from the ground, like a billion ton train rolling like thunder, gaining momentum, gaining speed, getting closer and closer until **BANG!** the air splits, the Earth screams, the seas boil, and it's **ARMAGEDDON!!!** Yes, kindred, X-Day's so close you can almost smell the blood, you can almost hear the screams, you can almost taste the sweet nectar of **VENGEANCE!!!**

LOCATION

BRUSHWOOD is just outside the village of Sherman in southwestern New York state, an hour from the Eerie airport and about 2.5 hours' drive from Cleveland or Buffalo.

- know them)
- More Stuff to Buy — We'll be moving the vending onto the grounds this year as the number of vendors has grown bigger than the upper pavilion can hold.
- More Music, Better Sound — Our hope is to have both the Amphitheater running in the day, and the Large Pavilion at night. Also we hope to have 2 sound systems.
- Media Frenzy — 60 minutes, NPR, Geraldo, who knows? We do know that an independent producer will be taping major parts of a SubGenius Documentary.
- We added a day! — The event now starts on Thursday, with Thursday night officially designated as Anti-music night. Hell we figured it was least we could do, with Sunday being cut short and all...
- Discounted Airfare — we made a deal with Continental Airlines to get you cheaper air fare. (See Below)

Airports, Hotels, Supplies

The closest major **airport** is ERIE, PA (ERI).

Discounted Air Tickets for Subs:

CONTinental airlines has made a deal with Dobbs:

- 10% off (60 days in advance)
- 10% off all refundable tickets
- 5% any ticket (30 days in advance)
- Also special Zone fairs (14 days in advance, refundable w/ \$75 fee — Examples w/o tax from: CA \$440.00 NY \$300.00 TX \$400.00 OH \$340.00, just ask.)
- Call CONTinental airlines at 1(800) 525-0280 or use any agent.
- Flights must be between June 28 and July 10th
- YOU MUST Give the agent the **XDAY SUBGENIUS Reference Code: OC6LZT**

(That's: Oswald Connie Six Lothar Zontar Tiberius)

Airport Shuttles, Caravans:

Some Subs do volunteer their time to run shuttles back and forth to the airport. (It is about 30 minutes one way) Some

Yeti's will even drive you all the way from your home to the event and back for gas money. You are responsible for finding your way there and back. The Shuttle and Ride board is at: www.subgenius.com/rideboard.

OPTIONAL LODGING:

We don't know why anyone would want to stay anywhere but at the campgrounds. You WILL miss a LOT of the spontaneous fun that can boil up at any time if you are not on site. But since some have asked:

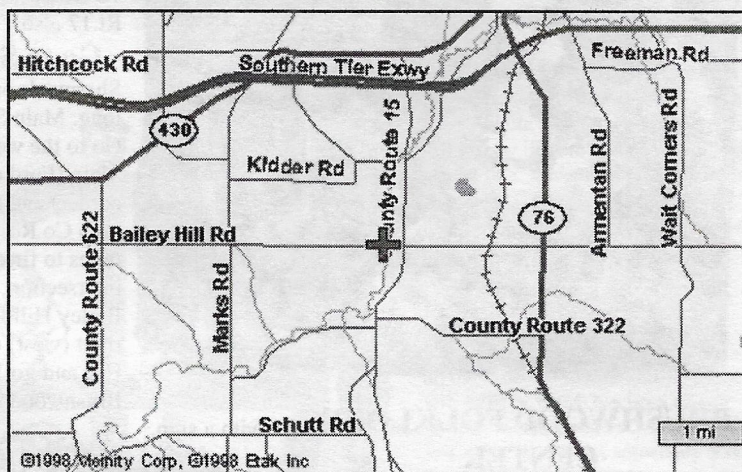
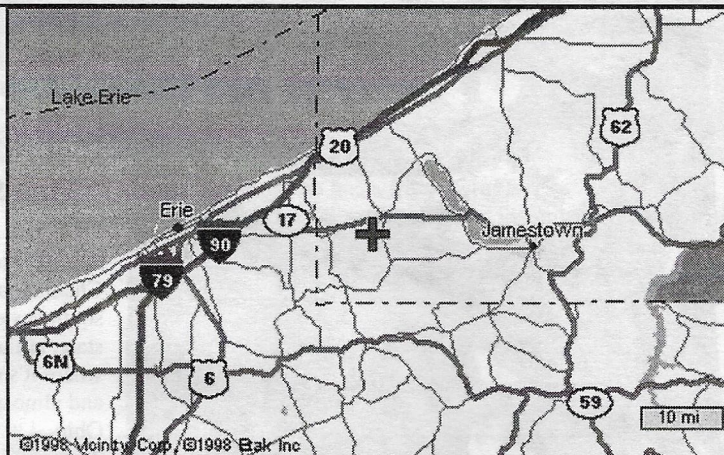
- Miller House Bed & Breakfast - 137 W Main St, Sherman NY (716)761-6795 (*Limited Space - call now!)
- The Inn Between - Route 430, Sherman, NY (716)761-6255

That's it for Sherman the next closest towns are Lakewood, NY (26 min) Jamestown and Falconer, NY (30 min)

*From the Yellow Pages, be sure to call first. We make no recommendations of any of these.

Lakewood

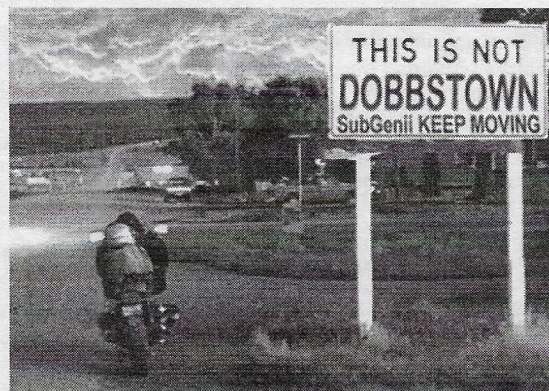
- Red Coach - 284 E. Fairmount Ave (716) 763-8548
- Star Motel - 270 E. Fairmount Ave (716) 763-8578
- Pages Motel - 180 E. Fairmount Ave (716) 763-9247



Jamestown/Falconer

- Holiday Inn - 150 W 4th St, Jamestown (716) 664-3400
- Motel 6 - 1980 E Main St, Falconer (716) 665-3670
- Budget Inn - 214 E Main St, Falconer (716) 665-4410

SUPPLIES, LIQUID SLACK - The closest town is quite small but does sell basic groceries, beer and wine. Stock up before you get to the campgrounds. Having to leave during the event is NO FUN!



The goings-on of last year's X-Day Drill can be seen at www.subgenius.com with full accounting of the crucifixion of Jesus, naked baptism, oil wrestling, and more preaching and music (and anti-music) than you can shake a floppy old Christian at.

Application and fees for X Day 1998

(Use separate sheet for each registrant. Copy if necessary)

Yes, I am worthy of attending this year's X DAY

Legal Name		
Church name	Rev.	
Street		
City	State	Zip
E-mail	@	
Phone	Fax	

FEES

Circle all that apply

X DAY EVENT FEE	
Ordained Ministers	\$25
Others	\$40
CAMPING FEE	
Everyone	\$10 PER DAY
Due on arrival	

Membership/Ordainment

Yes! I have seen the light, and wish to be on the spaceships of the sex goddesses come X-Day and not spend the rest of my life in misery enslaved to the normals. By "Bob" I am a SubGenius. Ordain me now! and grant me all privileges of membership in the mighty Church of the SubGenius.

\$30

Tithe unto "Bob"...

"Bob". I believe in you and your great works. I know that to destroy the concept of money it will take a lot of money. At this time please accept my additional hate

"level"

Bobby	\$1
Squid lover	\$5
Crusader	\$10
King of Slack	\$25
Salesman	\$50
Yetisyn	\$100
UberMan/fem	\$666
Saint	\$999
TrueBeliever	All!
Other \$	

I wish to use my charge card
(all types excepted)

Card# _____

Exp. Date _____/_____/_____

You can fax credit card registrations
to: (214)320-1561

Money Orders Payable to:
The SubGenius Foundation
PO Box 140306
Dallas, TX 75214

TOTAL _____

"Bob's" Long Distance Service No Kidding.

Yes, Finally a way to tithe by doing nothing!

Many SubGenius have already taken advantage of this deal, and now it's even better.

10 Cents a minute ALL THE TIME. Essentially you switch your long distance service and The Church of the SubGenius gets 1% of your charge at no extra cost to you. If you get the form from us and fill it out, then we get a whole 2%. If you own a business then we get 5%. It's small, but if we get enough people it can start to add up. ATTENTION: If your already signed up and are not getting 10 cents a minute call the below number and tell them you want the DIME DEAL.

⇒ **Call 1(800) 875-9235**

⇒ **Ask** any questions you may have about the service, ask about the **DIME DEAL** for 10 cents a minute. *(They also provide personal 800 numbers, and other services, just ask.)*

⇒ **Sign up** *(By the way it's risk free for 30 days, if not satisfied they will switch you back for free *usually a \$15 or so fee)*

⇒ Give Them this code Number **#175179673** *(*IMPORTANT, without it we get nothing)*

⇒ *(*OPTIONAL, this is so we can get even MORE money)* Get the official form from us, call toll free or send a SASE, ask for the Long Distance Company form.

⇒ **DON'T SWITCH BACK.** This is crucial - - seconds after you hang up the Conspiracy will be trying to lure you away with free gifts and even cash. Don't give in! Besides that no one can beat 10 cents a minute all the time, "Bob" doesn't get anything! And you should tell them so!

* OutsideUS(Canada& Mexico) add \$4 to S&H

* Overseas add \$10 to S&H plus

\$5 for each additional large item (books, videos)

\$3 for each additional medium item (T-shirts, boxers, cassette tapes)

\$1 for each small item (sticker set, pin, button)

* All Money must be US Equivalent.

Shipping and Handling Chart

\$0.00-\$10.00 add \$3.50	\$80.01-\$150.00 add \$6.50
\$10.01-\$40.00 add \$4.50	\$150.01 and over add \$7.50
\$40.01-\$80.01 add \$5.50	

Amt.	Description	Price Each	Total

* Order shipped UPS or US Mail. Normal Delivery time 4 to 6 weeks

* Money orders are usually processed quicker.

* Make checks or money orders payable to: SubGenius Foundation Inc.

* 30 DAY MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED

Name

Address

City, State, Zip

X.

I am over eighteen and of Yeti descent.

Subtotal

S and H(see chart)

Tax (Texas only)

Mexico/Canada

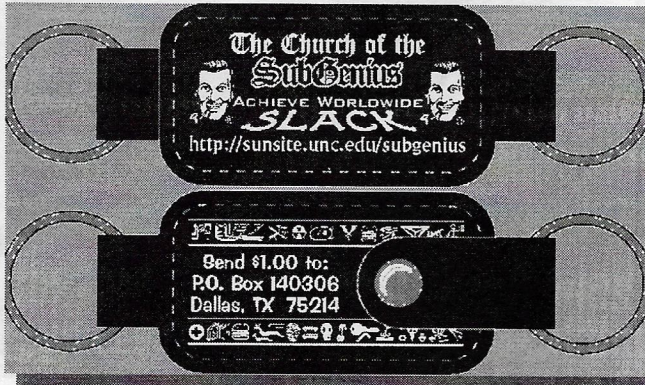
Overseas

Total

Going out of Business Sale!

Say Good-Bye to the Earth
and Hello to Low Prices!

KEYCHAIN!



**BLACK LEATHER
GOLD EMBOSSING
SPECIAL END TIMES PRICE \$4!**

- Problems starting your car? Doors just not opening for you? Perhaps
- you need an official Church of the SubGenius key chain! Made from
- only the finest leather of specially selected pinks, these key chains
- feature ESSENTIAL information in your preparation for X- Day, as
- well as a special message from "Bob"! Don't have a Car? Don't have a
- house? Don't worry! This has been designed to fulfill a multitude of
- purposes for a SubGenius in search of slack. Dual DobbsHeads provide
- you with the ultimate portable, and personal shrine, to "Bob".

**YOUR LAST CHANCE TO SAVE YOUR
FRIENDS VERY LIVES!!!!**

MEMBERSHIP/ORDAINMENT/SUBSCRIPTION - \$30!

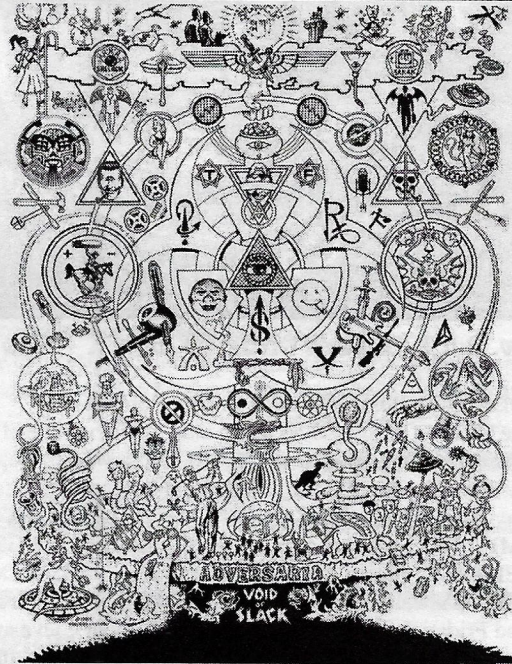
Save \$2,970

Now, one last time. We're turning back the clocks for our SUBscribers to when the price of ordainment was a mere 30 bucks! HA! Remember those days? Don't forget that NONE can be on the Space Vessels without their ticket. Your friends, your children, even your pets will be left behind to die like Pinks, unless YOU do something about it! Sure, you can reproduce a replica of them and erase your mind that you did it, but deep down inside you'll always KNOW! "Please don't let them kill me Mommy!" "Bark, Bark, why did my master leave me here to be tortured, didn't he love me!" DON'T LET THIS HAPPEN TO YOU!

Besides salvation they'll get:

- subscription to four STARK FISTS, - The Divine Excuse (WHAT OTHER RELIGIONS CHARGE ALL WORLDLY GOODS FOR!!),
- Doktorate of the Forbidden Sciences, - Pamphlets #1 & 2, -
- Catalog, - many other suitable-for-framing documents,
- propaganda flyers, stickers, - and a wallet sized, legal
- MINISTER'S CARD granting you every imaginable right.
- Without that card you have NO HOPE of Boarding the
- Escape Vessels of the Sex Goddesses.

**The Tree of Life
Now Just \$5**



Tree of Life Poster \$5

Our biggest sale price ever. The famous full color poster by Paul Mavrides and Rev. Ivan Stang for just five clams. This price good until July 5th, 1998 7AM, or while supplies last.

**Just in case you thought
we were kidding....**

Unlike the Conspiracy, when we tell you that you'd better "buy NOW while supplies last!" we aren't just yankin' your foot gland. Here is a list of items no longer available. Some may come back, but it's unlikely. So if you do have any of these items HOLD ON TO THEM. Some have already increased dramatically in price. (Three Fisted Tales now sells for \$20!)

- ✕ Three Fisted Tales of "Bob" - Out of Print
- ✕ High Weirdness by Mail - Out of Print
- ✕ "Bob's" Favorite Comics - Out of Print
- ✕ Black Hole of Caracosa - Sold out
- ✕ Robo "Bob" T - Discontinued
- ✕ KOF/OBE Open Your Ears - Sold Out

Don't worry we'll always be adding great new stuff, but to quote Pope Sterno—"Don't be a DumbAss" ..get it while you can.

**Everything must go by
July 5th 7AM!**



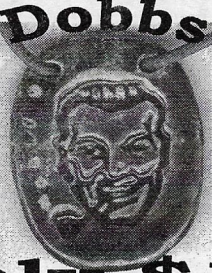
Rev. Bill T. Miller's ORGY OF SLACK — \$10

MODEMAC (First Online Church of "Bob") sez:

"The ORGY OF SLACK is a non-stop audio barrage of ANTI-MUSIC that makes NEGATIVLAND weep with envy because they didn't do it first. It's a compilation of the highlights of the many Rants and Raves of the KING OF SLACK, DOKTOR BILL T. MILLER! There are clips from the legendary KINGS OF FEEDBACK, digital Slack from the X-Day Slackfux Devivals, and guest vocals by the great Ivan Stang, Susie the Floozie, Irreverend Friday Jones, Pope Meyer -- and Brother Cleve and D.J. Jones! The KING OF SLACK doesn't believe in wasting precious time on your CD by leaving it empty. EVERY SECOND of this sixty-six minute Digital Devival is filled with noise, feedback, audience Ranting, sex-starved nympho alien Sex Goddess moans, and NEVER-BEFORE HEARD creations including the tracks "Religion Is Poison," and "Slack Bang Me Baby." And if THAT'S not enough, it's also the recorded CD debut for SLACK-BANGERS!

"It is IMPOSSIBLE to listen to this CD without getting an erection. If you don't have a penis, you'll STILL get an erection. Listen to this CD and find out HOW!"

Ceramic Dobbs Pendant



Only \$12!

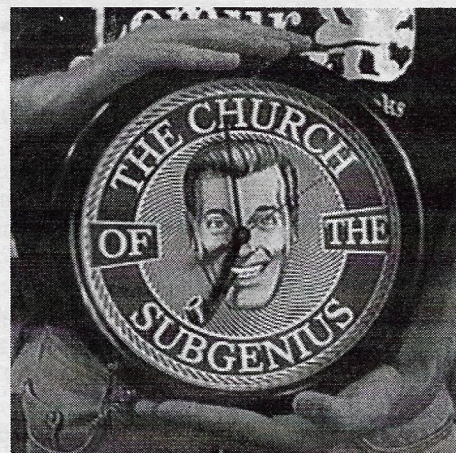
These are the same beautiful pendants that were such a big hit at the last X-Day Drill. The pendants are approximately 1 and 3/4" long and 1 and 1/4" wide. The leather cord is 11" from pendant to the knot at the end. Hand Crafted by Rev. Kim Fritts, each has a colorful green swirled background. If you could see it in color you'd blow out a gut or TWO! Each one is individual and may differ slightly from picture. You will be amazed!



"Bob" Right Light — \$18.00

"Bob" will light up your life. He'll give you hope to carry on. He'll light up your day and fill your nights with Slack. It CAN'T be wrong when it feels SO right! "Bob" WILL light up your life. Perhaps our fanciest product yet. These Night-lights are three paneled stained glass with a copper trim. The front is white and you can choose from two designs: the Classic "Bob" and the Triangle Logo. Side panels are blue/white swirl. Requires electricity and standard USA outlet.

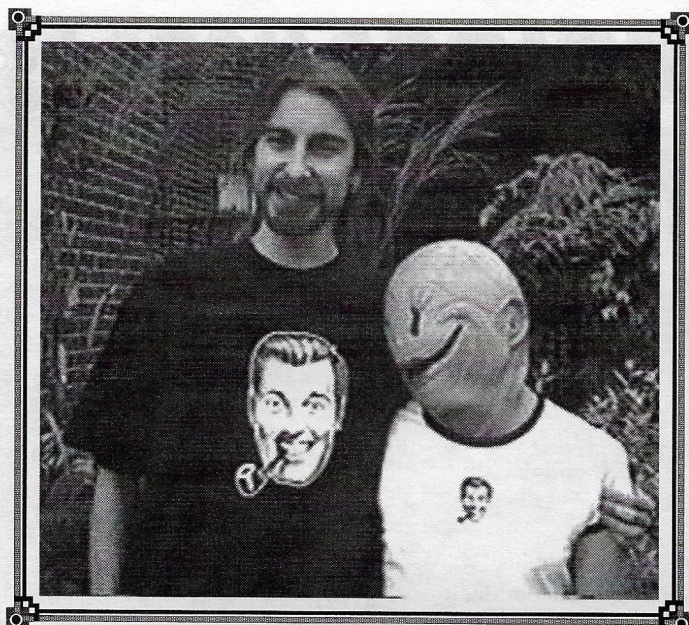
WHAT TIME



IS IT?

DOBBSHEAD CLOCKS!!! - \$29.95

NOW -- TIME CONTROL AT YOUR FINGERTIPS! Made by Ephemera. Church logo and Dobbshead in red, black and white, op art design, very "Devo;" sturdy round black plastic frame, MAJESTICALLY crafted, KEEPS PERFECT TIME, FOREVER *(with AA batteries). Wouldn't look out of place in ANY kitchen or War Room.



"Bob" on Black Baby Doll T \$12

\$17

BLACK T - \$12

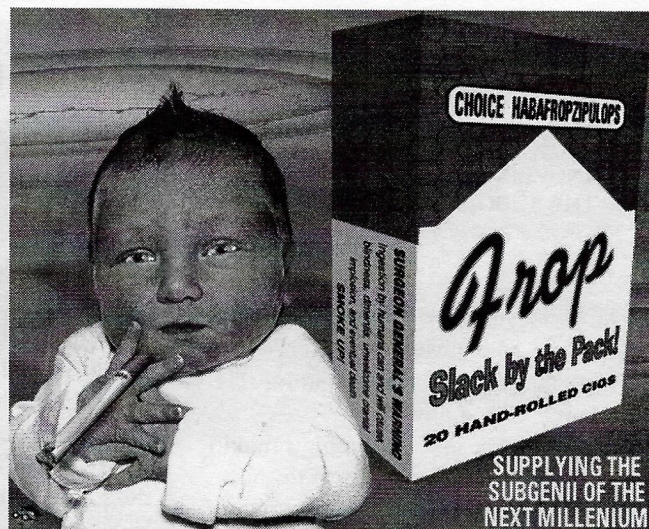
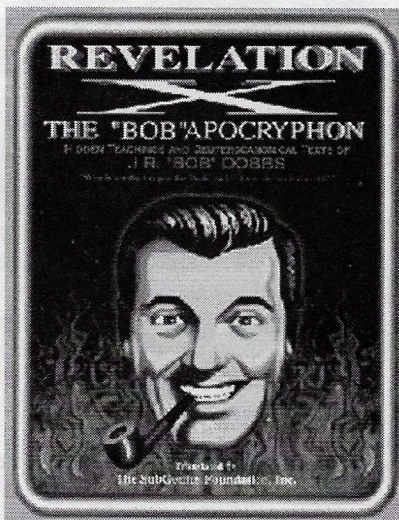
Yes, this is the one you demanded. The classic dot "Bob" in white, on front of a black cotton t-shirt. This is the true "Bob" taken directly from the official DobbsHead portrait. Nothing could be more SubGenius.

Baby Doll - T \$17

Finally a product made especially for the female SubGenii. These Baby Doll T's are white cotton with black accents, a small classic "Bob" head is on the front. One size fits all. Also works great as a regular t-shirt for children.

REVELATION X - THE "BOB" APOCRYPHON - \$14.95

Finally, the long-awaited sequel to The Book of the SubGenius, the Last New Testament, is here! Either the greatest general satire of pure human stupidity and greed ever created, or a self-help book from Hell, REVELATION X is darker, deeper, more detailed, louder and funnier than The Book of the SubGenius. St. Paul Mavrides has done a design job that will have you **RIPPING YOUR OWN EYES OUT IN ECSTASY** when you grok the **THOUSANDS of INCREDIBLY DETAILED ILLUSTRATIONS!!!** God's Answer to Fundamentalists - Shove book into ANY orifice and watch it GO



Finally FROPI! Only \$10,000/oz

habafropzipulops - \$10,000/oz

Only the choicest, stickiest, eye stalk tops — picked at the height of the season. Straight from our new supplier in Tibet. Extremely limited quantity. So good it may kill you! NOT A DRUG.

THE SUBGENIUS CATALOG - \$1

Much more detailed, much larger selection of tapes, videos, shirts etc. than this list.

Donation \$10, \$25, \$100, etc.

Probably the best possible item you can order! Send us any sum of money and get NOTHING. The bobbie inside you fears to do it, but trust me, you'll never feel closer to "Bob" than when you send your entire months paycheck to the SubGenius Foundation. You'll panic, you'll feel stupid, then a shimmering warm glow will wash over your glands as you realize that money can only buy fleeting things such as love, comfort and happiness. But Slack, ahh.. True Slack can not be bought or sold like some Conspiracy whore, it must be cultivated and savored like a fine ale, or a rich manure.

After X-Day what will you need money for anyway! We of course will use it to build shelters for the poor Sub's left behind, who couldn't afford Salvation. We can at least try to make their wretched lives a bit less agonizing.



NEW! Dobbs' Shit!

Not a cheap, plastic replica! An easy way for everyone to get a 'piece of "Bob"', this genuine Dobbs' Shit will be the hit of your next party! Scientists of all ages will enjoy anal-yzing what "Bob" had for dinner. Size and finish vary, with altar.

13013.C Dobbs' Shit.....\$29.99
13013.D Diarrheal.....\$199.99



WHO ARE THE HOLOCAUSTALS?

A Call to Action.

BY DR. K'TADEN LEGUME
EVANGELIST GUNSLINGER CHURCH
OF THE SUBGENIUS (HOLOCAUSTAL)

"Flying up to Heaven on bloodstained wings"

The Holocaustals are a group of SubGenii who have splintered off from the mother church. The reason for this schism is the namby-pamby TOLERANCE that certain high-ranking members of the church began to show for those disgusting primates known as HUMANS.

The Church of the SubGenius, in times past, has advocated the wholesale slaughter of these talking monkeys who have so polluted the Yeti gene pool. Yet, as X-Day approaches, many of these so-called SubGenii, especially Reverend Ivan Stang, are softening their stance towards the human parasites. They CLAIM they would prefer to enslave, rather than destroy, these crude monkey-spawn.

You may ask, "Why would any SubGenius want to SPARE the Humans who have persecuted them for thousands of years?" Why, indeed? This question has plagued many of the more militant SubGenii for many months, prompting an investigation by Father Joe Mama of the Church's Internal Affairs Division.

The results of this investigation have concluded that the Reverend Stang has SOLD OUT HIS COMPATRIOTS to the HUMANS! He has arranged AMNESTY for the Humans, in exchange for the post-Xday slaughter of many of his "Brethren", using the Church's MOST POWERFUL WEAPON...THE BLEEDING HEAD OF ARNOLD PALMER! Once the militant "poebuckers" of the Church are destroyed, Stang plans to initiate a scenario in which he and his band of co-conspirators (the Ivangelicals) will use the Xist technology to usher in a "Golden Age" for HUMANITY...with himself as World Overlord, of course. This is EXACTLY the sort of thing a PINK

would do, once the cancerous corruption of POWER seeped into his ugly little soul.

We Holocaustals MUST NOT LET THIS COME TO PASS! It is OUR MANIFEST DESTINY to bring an end to the BLIGHT which is Humanity! We were chosen by WOTAN ITSELF millions of years ago to FIGHT THE FINAL BATTLE which will determine the FATE of the EARTH!

In days long past, Wotan sent his daughter, the Valkyrie Brunnehilde, to Earth with a mission; to mate with the Alpha Prime Yeti, so that they could produce a race of Warrior-Yeti. These Warrior-Yeti, whom Wotan called the "Volsungs", were mighty beings who loved nothing more than the thrill of battle. The Volsungs reveled in bloodshed, and their nights were filled with brutal orgies and drinking heavily of a beverage made from Frop and fermented mushrooms. The Volsungs were tall and strong, blessed by Wotan with good looks and the power to manipulate the Luck Plane. The first Volsung, "Siegmund" Dobbs, was the progenitor of the family which was to eventually produce the 20th century avatar J.R. "Bob" Dobbs. His race of Volsung Uber-Yeti, through carefully controlled inbreeding, has survived until the present day. These are the HOLOCAUSTALS.

The remaining Yeti mated with the beasts of the trees, the Humans, and created a race of hybrids known as the NIBELUNG. The Nibelung lived in dank, smelly caves, toiling away their days trying to turn lead into gold and working as SMITHS. These sad gnarled little creatures HATED the Volsungs, jealous of their kinship with Wotan, and for millennia have plotted their downfall. Since they lack the superior strength and battle prowess of the Volsung, the Nibelung use cunning, wile, and deception as their weapons. These ugly, dwarven, monkey-raping geeks are known today as the IVANGELICALS.

With little time remaining until Xday, the Ivangelicals are making their move. On July 4th, the Bleeding Head of Arnold Palmer will be launched for the final time, on the

rolling green fields of Brushwood Folklore Center in Sherman, New York. If the Ivangelicals launch it, the unspeakable power unleashed by the head will DESTROY the HOLOCAUSTALS.

However, if the hand that wields the 9-iron is HOLOCAUSTAL, the head will rip through the veil of REALITY ITSELF, releasing DARK ANGELS OF DESTRUCTION to flush the SHIT-HUMANS from the bowels of the Earth with a high colonic of FIRE! The Planet of the Apes shall FALL!

So on that day these two forces, the Ivangelicals and the Holocaustals, shall come together to fight the FINAL BATTLE for the Bleeding Head of Arnold Palmer. The will of Wotan is clear. The Ivangelicals MUST BE STOPPED from reaching their goal. We must be ready to fight to the LAST DROP OF BLOOD. We fight for the GLORY of WOTAN. We fight to the last Volsung standing. It is Wotan's way.

I know we can beat the Ivangelicals. I don't care if I personally win the Battle...as long as the Ivangelicals LOSE. When the HEAD gets launched for the FINAL time the hand that holds the club must be HOLOCAUSTAL. Any who doubt the Ivangelicals Human-loving agenda need merely look at the back cover of "Revelation X". Right there, for all to see, it says, "Join us, HUMANS, before it's too late!" Ivan Stang and his army of Nibelungs and vicious apes intend to spill the Pure Yeti Blood of the Volsungs upon the Earth, and you, brethren, must ask yourselves this: "Do I want to spend eternity in the mass grave the Ivangelicals plan to dig for me?" Well, DO YOU? Or do you want to kick ass across the cosmos as a Master Race of SuperEvolved Hell's Angels, so badass that the universe is our barroom and the brawl lasts FOREVER. A rocket-cycle under every SubGenius ass and a sexgoddess riding BITCH behind...so ALL-POWERFUL that the YACATIZMA polish our scoots for spare change.

The choice is clear. The time is NOW. Put on the brass knuckles of righteousness. It's time to kick some NIBELUNG ASS.

IVAN STANG...WE'RE GONNA RAGNAROK YOUR WORLD.

©1998 LEGUME

I NEED BIG-TEATED WOMEN!

The Plight of the Ivangelicals

By Rev Ivan Stang

I just said that to get your attention. What I need are BARE-titted women. The teats, "dugs," "jugs," whatever, themselves, can be any size.

I need them for PROTECTION!

Dr. Legume has planned this Battle of Armageddon thing for X-Day... the Saturday before X-Day, of course. July 4 at Brushwood Folklore Center, Sherman, NY, where we've held the Drills. It's a simple concept -- the two main splinter groups of the Church, the Holocaustians and the Ivangelicals, will square off and JUST PLAIN FIGHT, the only rules being that the weapons have to be non-lethal. Otherwise, anything goes.

So. This Battle on the grassy Brushwood field --, PROBABLY WILL ACTUALLY HAPPEN, and I'd be a real dumbass not to prepare, since, being the "Ivan" in "Ivangelical," I'll ALMOST CERTAINLY GET MY ASS KICKED.

Let's face it. Anybody with any fucking sense at all will join the Holocaustians, for the plain and simple fact that THE HOLOCAUSTIANS WILL WIN. By definition. The Ivangelical approach to something like this is to RUN AND HIDE. The Holocaustians LEADERS are themselves mean, violent, ugly, unpleasant men -- Dr. Legume, Papa Joe Mama, Rev. Ed Strange, G. Gordon Gordon, etc. -- men with checkered pasts who KNOW HOW TO FIGHT. And have been in fights. I have never been in a fight. I have always been able to either bluster my way out or SIMPLY FLEE or EAT PUSSY, which is my preferred method for dealing with trouble of any kind. I will admit that my temper has become less tempered as X-Day approaches... but in the long run, I'm the kind of little skinny, sneaky guy that will run first and confront later, in a court of law, with a gullible jury, where my skills are far more effective than they would be if I had to actually HIT someone hard enough to decapitate them. (But believe you me, if I had to do such a thing, I would do the hell out of it.)

What few Subs that would admit to being Ivangelicals will probably be nice, innocent, dumb-ass guys like me... too-fat or too-skinny bespectacled slabs of wimp

meat, to put it plainly. GOOD SUBGENII, don't get me wrong. I am PROUD to be an Ivangelical. Those Holocaustian loudmouth bully boys can TALK all day and all night about "kill a human a day every day until X-Day," etc. etc., blah blah woof woof, but when push comes to shove, we're ALL gonna let the Xists do our Pink-smiting for us, they aren't gonna kill ANYBODY, and in the meantime at least we Ivangelicals KEEP SPREADING THE WORLD in our humble, mostly nonviolent ways. MIND CONTROL is our specialty -- HEARTS AND MINDS, and I will (probably) GO TO MY GRAVE believing that propaganda does more, IN THE LONG RUN, than bullets, simply because humans are DUMBER than they are TOUGH.

Anyway. The point is, I'm faced with the prospect of me and a handful of other out-of-shape, glasses-wearing, no-martial-arts-knowing, one-balled, butt-sitting compugeeks being SOUNDLY TROUNCED and ACTUALLY BRUISED, AND CUT, maybe even given concussions, by a whole TRIBE of large hairy barbarians, all those testosterone-leaking Yeti-looking bastards that probably keep loaded handguns under their front seats and rubbers in their wallets. The only manly thing I have going for me is that I probably took more drugs than Keith Richards, and survived. And I have special "novelty rubbers" in my wallet.

So I'm thinking, I NEED A SECRET WEAPON. I need to CHEAT. What do I have that those brutish Neanderthal thick-skulled dumb-fuck hairy-assed prognathic-jawed assholes DON'T have?

THE TRUST OF THE WOMEN OF THE CHURCH OF THE SUBGENIUS.

I'm begging you. JOIN ME, IVAN STANG, at the Battle of Armageddon. YOU THE WOMEN. I NEED A WALL OF YOUR GORGEOUS BREASTS TO PROTECT ME FROM HARM. I NEED you. I LOVE you all, sincerely, and this is truly my hour of NEED. You don't even have to BARE your breasts. Just your MERE FEMININITY LONE will be enough. IF you have giant luscious titties and DESIRE to bare them, to intimidate those nasty Holocaustians -- who are all closet woman-fearing homosexuals, no offense intended towards proper cocksuckers -- why, that would be nice too. But if you were victimized by the so-called "cave-in at the titty factory," NO PROB! Mainly, I need your NUMBERS. (And if you have only one breast, FINE! I have only one nut.) I need your BRAINS and TALENTS and SKILLS.

(REV. SUSIE aka MRS. LEGUME -- THIS MEANS YOU! YOU DESERVE BETTER TREATMENT THAN THE ROUGH APE HANDS OF THAT MAN!!)

More than that... above and beyond any MERELY MUNDANE or PRACTICAL consideration... "BOB" needs you.

FUCK the "Ivangelical" part; this isn't about religious doctrine. This is about the CONTINUATION OF THE CHURCH AS A DECENT EQUAL OPPORTUNITY, NON-SEXIST, ALL-SEXY INSTITUTION instead of some ugly, rowdy boy's club full of farting, beer-drinking shit-heads who automatically assume that anything good was done by a GUY. PTUI!

YOU KNOW that I, as Sacred Scribe #273, with WHAT, like, 13 years seniority on him, am able to acquire better 'Frop than Legume can. Hell, half of those Holocaustians don't 'Frop at ALL. They're DRUNKS or, worse, TOTALLY STRAIGHT. I don't mean to sound like I'm bribing beautiful women with drugs, but hey, if that's what it takes to do the bidding of MY guru, J.R. "Bob" Dobbs, well, who am I to question HIS dictates? Since when did YOU gain the right to have JUDGEMENT over "BOB"??

Come on, ladies. Your choice now could make the difference between X-Day ushering in a beautiful NEW AGE of Bonobo-like sexhurd and spasmodic mutual orgasming, or a Nazi-like drunken-male-dominated patriarchal hell-pit, a return to the Dark Ages, where the bitches keep their fucking traps shut and their buns in the bed, and never get off, because the guys just want their quick in-out and have no patience nor energy for true Bonoboian sexhurd. WHICH DO YOU CHOOSE? The fropped-up 7-hour multiple orgasm on LSD, or being whipped and beaten by buck-toothed inbred jock rednecks that listen to Ozzy? That's what it comes down to. Stang, or Legume. Sure Legume has a bigger dick. "A" bigger dick. Shall I repeat that? "A" bigger dick. Ah yes. Right. But what counts -- SIZE? Or QUANTITY??? I think you know what to do.

But SEX isn't what this is all about. UNTIL WE WIN, that is.

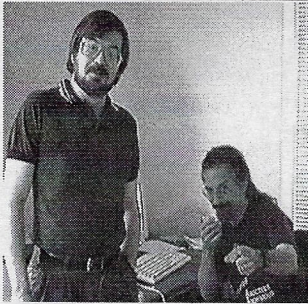
AND I NEED YOUR BOSOMS. GOD DAMN do I need 'em.

Imagine an ARMY of such women. ENDLESS ROWS of tough-minded, super-intelligent, skilled, funny-as-hell broads, lined up in rows, breasts upthrust (even if ponderous and dangling or tiny and boy-like), ready to DEFEND THE INTEGRITY OF "BOB" AND CONNIE, eager to serve themselves, by conquering manhood itself. Ahhhhhh, yes.

THE HOLOCAUSTIAN PLAGUE MUST BE ELIMINATED.

WE ARE THE EXTERMINATORS.

INWO SubGenius



Steve Jackson and Rev. Stang

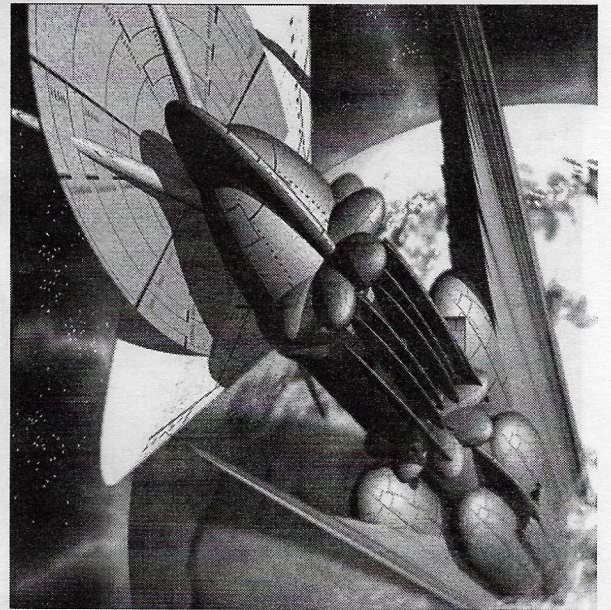
NEW SUBGENIUS BOOK
with 100 PAGES of COLOR
ART!

Actually, it's a CARD SET:

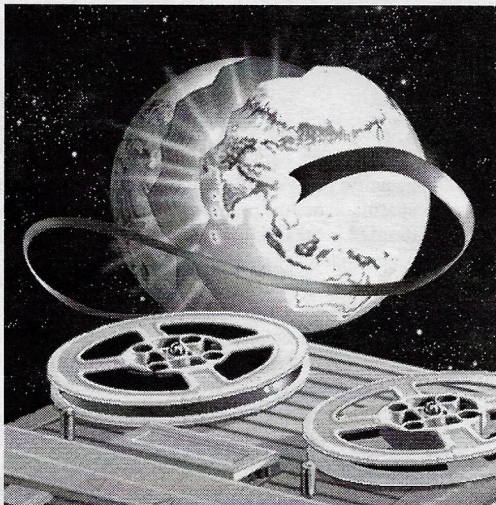
Steve Jackson Games
INWO/SubGenius

The BEST of ALT.BINARIES.SLACK
(the SubGenius art newsgroup) was tapped for the BLISTERINGLY
TRIPPY color illustrations for this AMAZING role playing game,
written and designed by Steve Jackson and Rev. Ivan Stang.

Contributors include
superstars NENSLO --
Atom Funway --
Fernandinande --
Sternodox -- Stang --
Poindexter -- and there's
even a little bit of Paul



Yacatisma by Nenslo



Tape Runs Out... by Nenslo



Frop Farm By Ivan Stang



Dokstok By Rev Ivan Stang

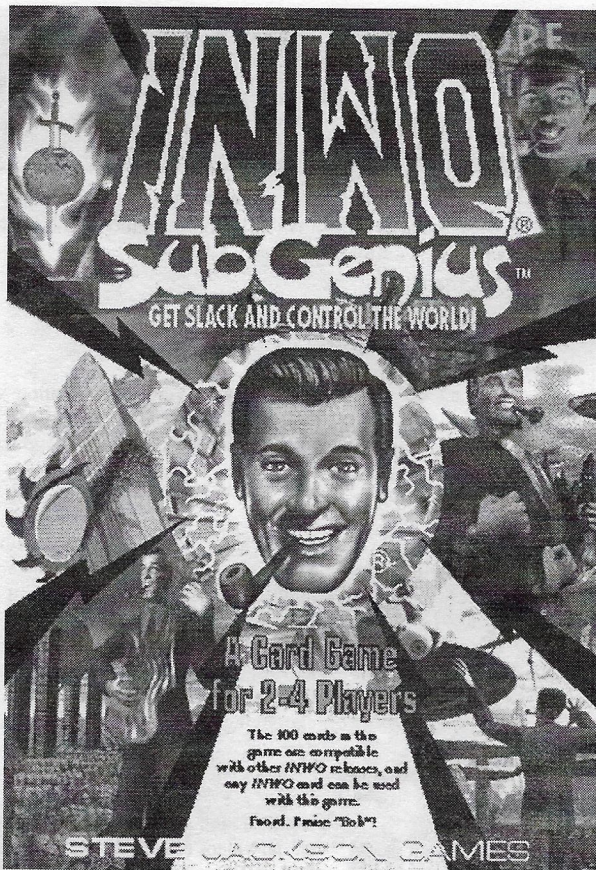


Glorps By Ivan Stang

Mavrides!
The boxed set of 100 cards is part
of the best-selling ILLUMINATI --
NEW WORLD ORDER game but
is a stand-alone set -- you can play
using either, or both. "I now control
your Dobbstown because my Janor
Device has a Power of 10 over your
Attitude Mutation!" Look for it and
ask for it NOW at comic book and
gaming stores!

*"I, Stang, am
exceedingly proud of this, our last
major "publication" before X-Day.
Although in its own unique
medium, this
role playing
game mini-
universe ranks
right up there
with the
authorized
books and
pamphlets in
terms of
PURE
PSYCHEDE
LIC
HOLINESS
and
TWISTED
PARANOIA.
" -- Rev. Ivan
Stang*





BUY IT BEFORE THEY DO!

We fully expect that days after this hits the stands a Conspiracy swarm of black copters will fill the air, as the New World Order Forces break down the doors of every comic shop that dares to carry this product! Remember this warning, for within a week They may have confiscated and burnt the masses one last chance of glimpsing the truth of who's really pulling the strings on the puppets we call mankind!

**COMPLETE BOX SET
100 CARDS
STAND ALONE AND INWO COMPATABLE
TODAY ONLY \$16.95!
TOMMOROW?**

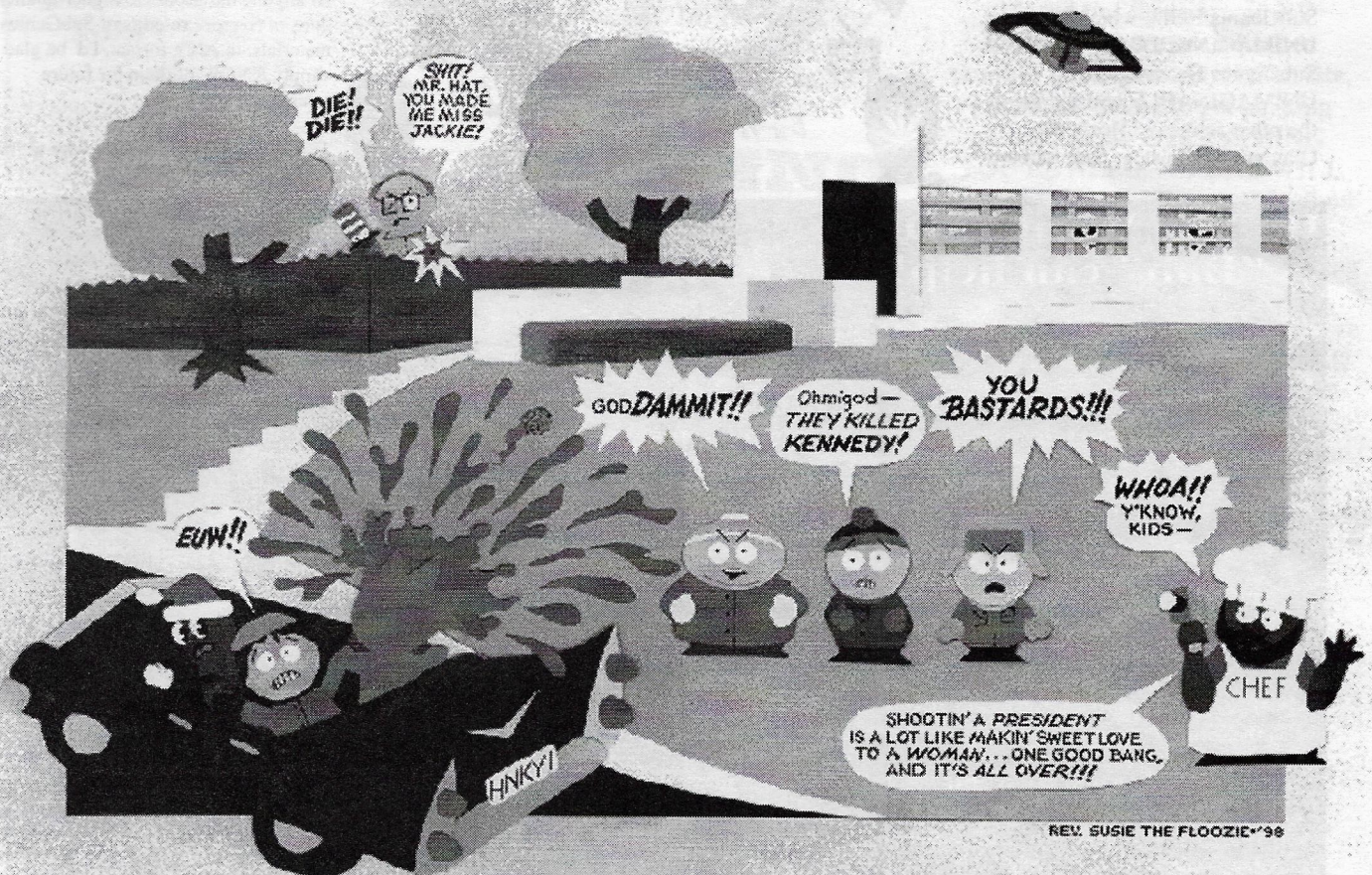
Send 16.95 + 3.50 S&H (\$20.45 Total)

Check or Money Order

Payable to The SubGenius Foundation
to: INWO c/o The Church of the SubGenius

PO Box 140306 Dallas, TX 75214

Credit card orders call toll free 1(888)669-2323



To Die! ... Berehance to Sin!

Quote by The Sexicutioner of Gwar

REV. CLAY MATION, R.I.P.

Rev. Clay "Animation" Vause, of Kent, Ohio and the band Indian Rope Burn, died on March 26.

I got this sad news from his pal, Rev. Mike Crooker:

"The e-mail you knew was coming...

Clay passed away Thursday (March 26th) after his 18 month battle w/ cancer. I'm leaving his e-mail account (mation666@aol.com) open, just in case he wants to come back and delete the Spam he didn't get a chance to finish."

"Almost made it to X-Day ;)"

Clay was a Minister in our Church since the early 80s, and one of the main maniacs of the Akron area clench. He sang with Indian Rope Burn at almost every SubGenius devival in the area. His death only means that he misses out on the first (and lesser) of the two SubGenius Paradises, the Escape Vessels. Rather, Clay broke right on through to the other side, probably bypassing SubGenius Heaven entirely and going straight to the 1st of the godzillion levels of SubGenius Hell... which is UNIMAGINABLE better than SubGenius Heaven, itself UNIMAGINABLE better than all the other religions' Heavens. Clay got a bum steer here on earth

towards the end -- he had a truly awful form of cancer -- but from all reports he was still heroically joshing and joking with his visitors all the way up to the end. A Mighty man. A COVENANT man.

REV. SVERRE KRISTENSON

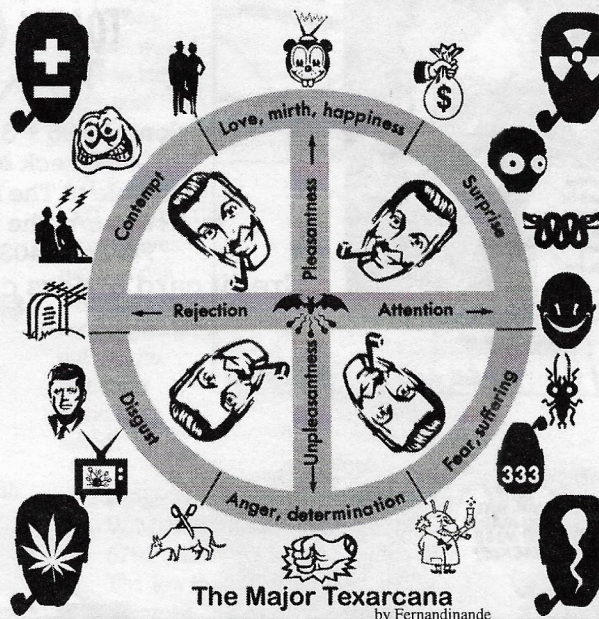
The above person (who also did quite a few drawings in Revelation X) died of blood cancer Nov. 5th. I have a (serious) obituary that I can email you if you're interested in reading it. Look out for Sverre's 64 page comic book "Bad Pills" soon out on Mike Hunt.

ex-Rev. J.R. "Bob" Bruun
janbruun@online.no

I never met nor even conversed with Sverre nor even emailed him nor even hardly wrote back, for that matter, I don't even know if there WAS or IS a Sverre, nor if "he's" male or female. But I do know that the Sverre entity did some of the best SubGenius video editing, and cartooning, EVER, and if this is all true, well, IT WOULD IN FACT JUST FIGURE!!

He did a kick-ass video recombination of all our videos ("SOMETHING NEW TO DIE FOR"), which has been on our "SubGenius Interviews" videotape for years. Unfortunately, somebody STOLE my original VHS copy from a devival. (If anyone has access to higher-quality dubs of Sverre's re-edits of SubGenius materials, in ANY format, I'd be glad to simply KNOW of them for future reference.)

This sort of thing is exactly why we had to declare WAR ON GOD.



Do You Want to Die? "Bob" can help!

So you want to die. Life's just too bleak, or your dog has passed on before you, or what have you. It's your life. It's your choice. And your choice is to end it. But you want a way that'll be SURE. FOOLPROOF. (Not to imply that you're a fool, mind you). You want to be DEAD and GONE. No slip-ups. No going around the rest of your life as a wheelchair-riding smashed lump of meat or, worse yet, a bedridden carcass that STILL WANTS TO DIE and cannot!

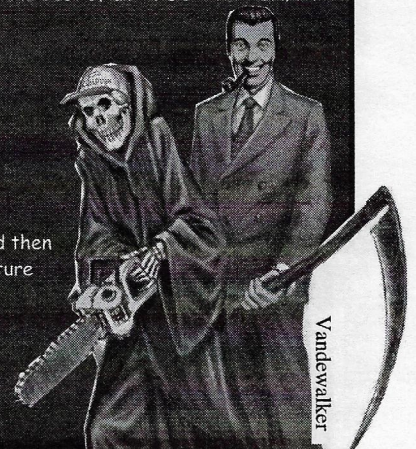
- ✓ Well, the Church of the SubGenius knows a way that you can kill yourself that WILL NOT FAIL! You are absolutely, positively, GUARANTEED to DIE! In fact, no matter what you do, YOU WILL DIE!
- ✓ And it will be FAST - no lingering in a hospital waiting to pass through. A POOF! of flame and you're gone. And best of all - YOU CAN'T BACK OUT. Nothing you can or will do will avert your own DEATH!
- ✓ And we even know the exact DATE you will die! July 5th, 1998, at 7 AM! Isn't that great?!
- ✓ Think of the betting possibilities! Think of the insurance company possibilities! Think of all the people you could KILL if you knew that you were going to die and thus escape all possible punishment!

The method of your suicide is SIMPLE. Just send \$30 to:
The SubGenius Foundation — PO Box 140306 — Dallas, TX 75214

And that's it! No hitmen will call! You can even dial 1-888-669-2323 and put the charge on your credit card! And then on that fine July morning, you will be RUPTURED. Of course, you'll hear Church members talking about the Rupture being the gateway to a whole new life aboard flying saucers filled with alien sex goddesses.

DO NOT BELIEVE THEM. YOU WILL DIE JULY 5TH, 1998 AND NOTHING YOU CAN DO WILL STOP IT!

AND - the date of your death is just a few short months away! Just think, suicide has never been cleaner, neater or simpler. No mess for the family to clean up!





REV. NICKIE COMMANDS YOU TO READ THIS COLUMN

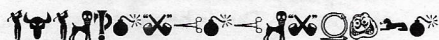
I am Rev. Nickie DeathChick, Inquisitor General and Arbiter of Truth in the Church. For those of you who haven't yet witnessed the glory of my Spanking Ritual or been lucky enough to see my posts on alt.slack, I bestow upon you this great gift - my words. Enjoy, as you surely will. For those of you who do know me, the gift will be so much sweeter. I have much to do; take this not for granted.

On a recent episode of the X-Files, the phrase was used, "Resist or Serve." What your opinion is of that show is irrelevant; that phrase really got me thinking about the difference between the Church of the SubGenius and the Conspiracy. For these days, many people, even within the ranks of the Church itself, seem to be of the mind that the two use similar means to achieve different ends. This is not so; I will prove, by means of my superior mind, that we are separated by more than the goal of Slack.

Resist or serve. That's what it comes down to. But why resist? Just for the heck of it? This is criminal behavior, the blind defiance of laws, and naturally will occur as part of the system. Resist because of pride? This was Satan's sin against God, and is the next part of the equation. "Non serviam," said Satan. He recognized that one either resists or serves, and consciously said, "I will not serve." The next step in this Great, Timeless Rebellion is the SubGenius outgrowth. It is an attempt to live beyond the rules of the game - Resist or Serve.

The Conspiracy demands loyalty, we promote schism. They restrict your access to even view options in their mass media, let alone allow you to live them. In our publications, we carefully catalog as many modes of living as we can discover. They encourage you in your weakness, tell you to get government support if you're "depressed", while we obviously AINT a support group. They will kill you for treason, where we only mock or sue, if you have money. The failure of every "underground" group that has ever tried to resist the Conspiracy is that they became the Conspiracy unto themselves by following the formula. We will destroy Resist or Serve.

-Rev. Nickie Michaud



PINK FRIDAY: July 3rd, 1998

From: e/wbear@hibernia.com (e/w bear)
3:00 pm, July 3rd, 1998

So there you stand shaking on the floor of the Chicago Mercantile Exchange, your sweaty palm clutching all that remains of your once vast fortune: a lousy 30 dead presidents. It's July 3rd, Pink Friday, and you ignored the Bear's advice and sold July Slack. You Idiot! I Told you to BUY! NOW what are you going to do FOOL? With less than 48 hours left, it's TOO LATE to mail in your donation. You can't wire a bank draft to The Church's account either because it's Pink Friday, YOU MORON! THE BANKS HAVE FAILED! In desperation you try to dial Stang on your cellphone but the batteries ARE DEAD! Panic stricken you find a phone booth, but the phones are SHUT DOWN by Executive Order in response to large scale UFO sightings on the eastern seaboard. You hop in your car and wind desperately through crushing downtown traffic looking for an exit to the Interstate. "I can make it", you think. "I have time". "I'll use my credit cards to buy gas", remembering that the Church only accepts cash after the banks fold, so you must guard that 30 dollars with

your life.

You find the I-State. You start to relax. You're gonna make it. You turn on the radio for some music but there's NO STATIONS... just an eeire TONE all across the dial. Finally a voice appears advising all citizens to proceed to their homes and remain there awaiting urther instructions by radio and TV broadcast. Stunned, you suddenly realize you are the only vehicle leaving Chicago. Everyone else is moving in the opposite direction. You round a bend. Ahead, beside a bridge, you see military vehicles and men with rifles manning a concrete roadblock. Up on the bridge sits a single black helicopter. You slow down, and are waved to the side by grim looking Guardsmen in combat fatigues. They remove you from the car and escort you to a nearby trailer where you are interviewed by a peculiarly small man in a dark grey suit. He inspects your ID, examining each piece carefully with a deliberation that chills you to the bone. One by one he studies every item in your wallet. Finally he notices your cash. Slowly he count's it.

Thirty dollars.

"NOH KAHD?", he rasps. "WEH KAHD?" Trembling, you point meekly at your money lying crumpled on the table. "MONI NOH GUHD!" "ONI TAHK KAHD!" He nods slightly, motioning toward the door. "GOH BAHK SHIKAHGOH!" "GOH NAOH!"

WHY WE DON'T TALK ABOUT "BOB"

Witnessing for "Bob"

by Rev. J.C. "Steve" Bevilacqua

Inspired by "Why We Don't Talk About Our Faith," a sermon by an unknown preacher from some Dallas Christian talk radio program.

I was on a flight coming back from New York a few weeks ago when the inevitable occurred. The wage slave sitting next to me asked me the question I've grown to fear.

"...so, what do you do for a living?"

"...so, what do you do for a living?"

Notice I wrote '...so' -- this is because, as always, the Pink began the conversation by outlining exactly what HE did and how successful HE was at it. Although I was thankful he wasn't a Jehovah's Witness, Scientologist, or worse yet an Excel Rep., I was still uneasy as he explained to me in businessese how his company had branches in 6 states and was considering going national.

After learning more than I wanted to know about the greatness of his company and their products, he asked the question.

I had grown to fear this question, because I am always unsure what to say. At times I look them straight in the eye and say, "I help run a cult in Texas" -- this is not always a good idea.

This time, I tried a new tactic:
"What do I do? Well strangely enough you and I are sort of in the same business," I replied.

"Oh really what is your business?"

"Well we use basic theological constructs

combined with sarcastic social overtones in order to market a cutting edge product.

And I have to say we too are experiencing an increase in overall sales."

"Really, how many offices do you have?"

"Well, we have several in every state, except perhaps Utah,

and have already gone international."

"Wow! How long have you been around?"

"15 years."

"What's your marketing strategy?"

"Well, it's as unique as it is effective. We use several areas of mass communication, have an ongoing ad campaign in restaurants, truck stops, and convenience stores, and you know what they say: 'nothing's better than word of mouth.'

Best of all we don't pay for any of it. How about your company?"

SubGenius? How come I've never heard of it?

"An hour long? Who would listen to a commercial that long?"

"Well, a lot of people, in fact many people buy it, and the radio stations pay for it."

"What?! They pay YOU!..."

"Yeah, and that's nothing -- I set my own hours and work out of my home."

"... How are the benefits?"

"Too numerous

to speak of -- do you know that my company found me a wife and child just because I decided I wanted one?"

"Who runs this company?"

"Well, that's the greatest part... it's run by the one of the wealthiest, and luckiest men in the world, so were never that worried, we know he'll always come through."

"What's the name of this company, I HAVE to know more about this."

"It's called the SubGenius

Foundation

Incorporated."

"SubGenius? How come I've never heard of it?..."

"Friends, I find that we as SubGeniuses find it difficult to talk to other people about "Bob". We try to judge if this person might be the "right one" to tell about "Bob". Maybe we think we can tell by the way they dress, look, or talk. Maybe we feel that we will just "know" having mastered the



The fact is there is no one who should NOT hear the word of "Bob"

"Well, umm, no... I mean we advertise but..."

"Yeah we just added are 16th radio station to our hour long radio commercial."

art of psychic stench "whiffreading".

The fact is there is no one who should NOT hear the word of "Bob". Yes, there are many, perhaps most, who will not understand or follow the bright path of the worlds one true

religion. But EVERYONE deserves to make that decision for themselves. It is not for you to decide who is and is not worthy; who is too annoying, too stupid or too pink. This is between each living



**The less you worry, the less you question,
the less you think---
the closer you are to "Bob"...**

individual, their wallet and "Bob"!

So, as a SubGenius, you are entrusted with telling others, ALL others, about "Bob". You are metaphorically the mouth of Dobbs. Without you he is but an unknown, lucky, rich, mute. With you he

to want to use all the wisdom you've learned from the Books, shows, and writings, but this will surely confuse, and run off a potential initiate.

The two keys are sensitivity and availability. Let me quote to you a short passage from Transactions of the Apostles 9:5 —

AND NICKIE DEATHCHICK SAID, "BUT WHAT IS IT I AM TO DO "BOB"?" AND "BOB" REPLIED, "GO TO DALLAS"

I'm not suggesting everyone is called to go to Dallas, I mention this only to re-emphasize the two keys.

Here we see Rev. Nickie was sensitive to

"Bob's" needs and *available* to carry through his command without question.

When talking to oth-

ers you must also be *sensitive* to their needs, perceptions and fears, and *available* to explain in a language they can relate to when introducing the teachings of "Bob"

I'd like to end, with a well known parable:

One day the Right Rev Ivan Stang Himself, was driving to South Dallas when he discovered he was completely lost in the Texas desert. After some time had passed and he was no nearer to finding his way out, he gazed down at the gas gauge to find it had crept below the red empty mark. Even though he probably should have been considering that he had no water, no map, no radio, and soon no cool air, he reached instead for his frop canister. Popping the top he noticed that it, much like the gas tank, was completely empty. Just as the car churned to its inevitable stop, Stang noticed a cloud of dust on the horizon.

Soon he made out the blurry image of a car. A few moments later he

could make out a immaculate red convertible with a flamboyantly clad passenger sitting in the backseat flanked by what appeared to be two half naked women. As the car drew nearer, Stang realized that this was Hassanal Bolkiah, the Sultan of Brunei. The Sultan had a frop stick the size of a small piece of firewood in his right hand, in his left was one of three gorgeous sex goddesses. As the sports car came to stop in front of him, Stang thought to himself, "I wonder what "Bob" has in store for me today?"

Stang wasn't afraid for a moment, he just took notice of his surroundings, and with nothing else to do, waited to see what would happen next. He knew that everything we experience is just another exciting ride through Dobbs' twisted imagination. The less you worry, the less you question, the less you think -- the closer you are to "Bob" and therefore the luckplane and ultimately Slack.

When you witness for "Bob" it should be with this same sense of non-urgency and indifference. If you ever actually feel that you're "witnessing" or if you perceive this is how the other person is seeing it, then you're probably failing. The only way of getting anyone to want to join

**...explain in a language
they can relate to
when introducing
the teachings of
"Bob"**

becomes the Saint of Sales, the Living Avatar of Slack, a Sex God.

But many of you are afraid you'll sound like an insane, bobified, geek, some may have tried to tell others only to be ridiculed or ignored. This is because there is a wrong way to witness for "Bob". This "wrong way" is exactly what kept me away from the Church for many years, and may keep some people away indefinitely. For most will judge the entire church based entirely on YOU. That's right if they don't like YOUR presentation, even though its just one opinion, they will never listen to anything about "Bob" again. Now don't start to feel too self important, "Bob's" people will all eventually find him, but you could be to blame for a lengthy delay.

In order to witness properly you must put yourself in the other persons place, not just your thoughts in their body. You must try to perceive what they may think and most of all feel their defensiveness. You can not use your "Bob"-talk, remember this is their first experience. It takes time for advance theologies such as head launchings, poop dogs and prairie squid. It is also tempting

an anti-organization of non-joiners united in complete agreement on disagreeing is to witness by not witnessing. Once you understand this you'll find it amazingly easy to bring the word of "Bob" to almost anyone.



Friday Jones

Fuck the Grammys Cafe

Edited, and Designed by
Rev. Bevilacqua

NEW YORK, Feb. 20 /PRNewswire/ -- On Monday afternoon February 23 at 1PM, across the street from Radio City Music Hall (NW corner of 51st and 6th Ave.), the Music Militia will launch its attack on the 1998 Grammy Awards. The Music Militia, an ad hoc group of independent artists, entertainers, independent record labels, film companies and publishers, vehemently opposed to the mediocre corporate drivel which pervades every aspect of our culture, will engage in a healthy dose of entertainment terrorism.

the public with mediocrity."



EXCERPT FROM MUSIC MILITA MANIFESTO --

...the Militia has organized the Anti-Grammy Awards to be held at Coney Island High beginning at 2200 hours the same night. Just as the Grammy Awards represent the music industry's

...It is about the truth versus the lies and that which stems from the root of lies. The time has come to fight back. Being that we live in an age of extreme terrorism, it seems appropriate that the initiatory act of the Music Militia be to engage in a healthy dose of entertainment terrorism.

NEW YORK, Feb. 23 /PRNewswire/ 1998 -- we are holding a press conference to announce the formation of The Music Militia, a league of disgruntled artists, entertainers, independent record labels, film companies and publishers, and politically dissident groups who are absolutely fed up with the deterioration of quality and lack of substance which pervades the mainstream culture of today's society.

...Let it also be known that at 1800 hours on Wednesday, February 24 5-10,000 members of the Music Militia from so far twenty-two countries planning to surround the perimeter of Radio City Music Hall. The Militia, armed not with weapons of destruction but with instruments of music will then proceed to wage a sonic riot with their horns, drums, voices and noisemakers of all descriptions, in an effort to liberate music from the corporate accountants who now control it...



NEW YORK, Feb. 25 (UPI) _ While the biggest names in the music business were being honored inside Radio City Music Hall, a small band was offering a "sonic riot" across the street. The two dozen people beat drums and cymbals and bleated through brass horns to protest the 40th annual Grammy Awards, which they say are based on sales figures, not artistic merit. Timothy Martin, an independent record producer based in Poughkeepsie, NY, organized the protest. He told United Press International, "We're against the Grammys in general, because they are the award ceremony for a system that rapes the creative landscape." Police kept the group cordoned off. They remained across Sixth Avenue from Radio City Music Hall, far from the entrance the stars used to make their way into the auditorium... (Martin).. said the commercial music business honored by the Grammys "saturates

enslavement of artists to the almighty dollar, the Anti-Grammy's will showcase artists who have clearly not compromised their artistic message for sterile pop acceptance and profits. Winning the Best Heavy Performance is CANDIRIA. Winning Best Rant/Spoken Word is Rev. Ivan Stang of The SubGenius Foundation. Winning Best New Artist is OSIVA . Winning the Lifetime Achievement Award is John Hall of King Missile fame. Winning Best Acoustic Performance is Grass. And nominated for Best Album is Sonic Youth? Ween Bob Dylan? Don Cabalero? Shellac? The event will be MC'd by Rev. Stang. The aim is that all of the artists winning the anti-Grammy will play the Anti-Grammy awards...



FROM WWW.ANTIGRAMMYS.ORG --

...the Reverend Ivan Stang of The SubGenius Foundation who gave inspirational words in his Opening and Closing Sermons. John S. Hall, Bradford Reed, and Sasha, members of King Missile III delivered a fabulous performance: "Anyone who wins a Grammy probably deserves it!" Despite sound troubles, Grass picked out a high energy set. In the spirit of revolution, Best New Artists OSIVA declined their award but put out some raging funk. Put your horns in the air for talented guest drummer Jon Modell who rose to the occasion and sat in for the whole set.



SonicNet Music News

[Thurs., Feb. 26, 1998, 9 a.m. PST]

Happy host Kelsey Grammer, TV's "Frasier," moved the show swiftly along throughout the evening, and closed it almost exactly on-time at 11 p.m. EST. This was surprising, given the

"We are not fascists, but catalysts. Thus this campaign is not directed against any particular artists, or the Recording Academy for that matter, but against the system that perpetuates hollow, homogenized pop-for-profit; against that part of the music industry dominated by financially induced hype instead of creative substance." —Tim Martin, spokesperson

high-profile intrusions. Maybe the producers expected trouble, since the arrest Wednesday morning of an individual from the Music Militia for posting "Fuck The Grammy" stickers at the Music Hall.

NEW YORK, Feb. 25 /PRNewswire/ -- At approximately 4:30 a.m. Wednesday February 25th, 1998

...the Put-in-chief of the Music Militia, 24-year-old Timothy Martin was physically detained by Radio City Music Hall Security in conjunction with the New York City Police Department on charges of trespassing and vandalism. Martin was leading a pre-dawn "bombing" mission with 15 other members of the Special Forces Division of the Music Militia. Martin was detained on 51st St. between 5th and 6th Avenue by independent security guarding "expensive Grammy equipment", for posting stickers which read "F--K THE GRAMMYS." Upon physical

somehow, "All art should be soy bombs."



NEW YORK/FEB 28/TRANSCENDENT RECORDINGS

...The Old Dirty Bastard from The Wu Tang Clan interrupted the ceremony and criticized the awards celebration, telling us all that the Grammys were a spectacle of fashion and money. Rumors circulated that Ani DeFranco would decline her award and vocalize her disdain for the corporate music system...



NEWS FROM ANTIGRAMMY NIGHT/MUSIC MILITA/
WWW.ANTIGRAMMYS.ORG

The Music Militia successfully waged its AntiGrammy Campaign this year, inspiring people everywhere to take action and liberate

...Let it be known that the Music Militia, through various guerrilla methods and tactics, has infiltrated every facet of the Grammy awards celebration- from executive members of The Recording Academy to Radio City Music Hall Security, from video technicians to artists actually nominated for the much coveted award- and that we are poised to fully disrupt the Grammy Awards ceremony. — MUSIC MILITA PRESS RELEASE

arrest, the security guard told Martin "You've got some set of b--s for putting those stickers on equipment that costs so much money." Martin responded "that is exactly why we put them there -- the Music Militia is vehemently opposed to the grossly bloated expenses of the music industry. It is this preoccupation with money which results in musical product which is based on sales trends instead of artistic quality. It is time to put an end to this unchecked capitalism."

'...According to Martin, "it is time to shake off the distracting and hypnotic haze of television and corporate drivel. It is no longer enough to sit on the sidelines or the couch taking bong hits, and commenting on all the things that suck. This is the signal that the disenchanted public has been waiting for."



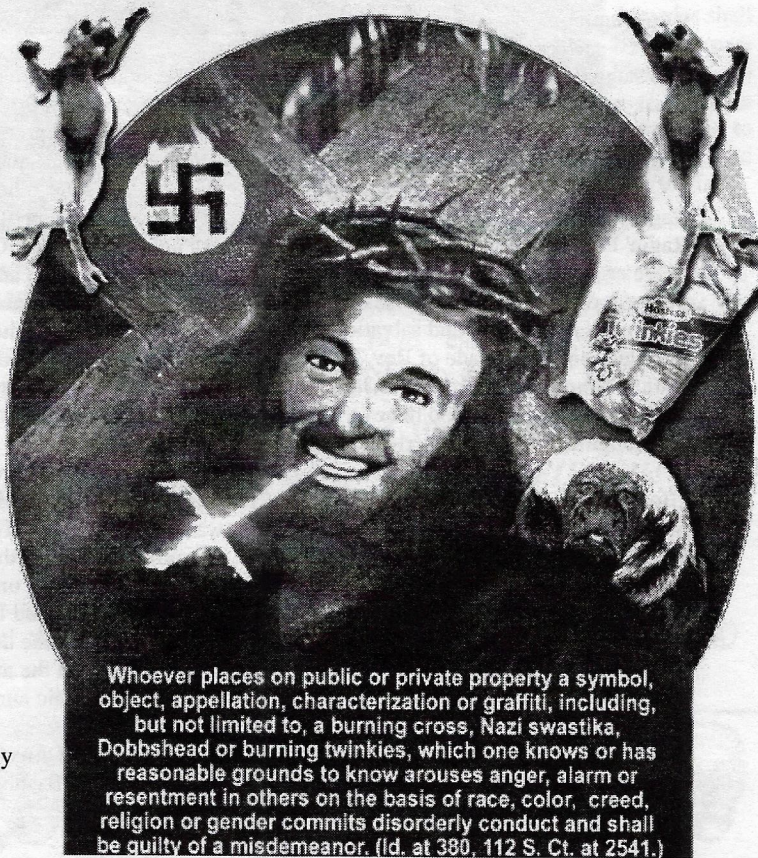
MTV NEWS

...This much is certain: well into Dylan's performance of "Love Sick," a man with the words "Soy Bomb" painted on his bare torso appeared from behind the singer and then began a flailing, jerky dance next to Dylan. The legendary performer paid the uninvited dancer little mind as he writhed next to Dylan for what seemed to be forever until he was hustled away by security. Beyond that, the story is as bewildering as the dance itself. On Thursday, the "New York Post" identified the man as 26-year-old Michael Portnoy, a self-described "multigenere mastermind artist" who also told the paper that he is "almost a vegetarian." ...he cooked up his impromptu dance number as "an act of pure revolution."

...Asked about the meaning of his cryptic "Soy Bomb" message, Portnoy told the "Post" that it refers to "sort of life and death and explosion." According to the "New York Daily News," Portnoy said his true message was about commercialism's intrusion into the world of art, and that

the music...The Sonic Riot and Protest was hugely successful ...We showed the suits who was really in control and had a thoroughly wicked time. We felt the building creak to its foundations, but it did not move. By next year, we will have greater numbers and from around the world, we will send a message to Babylon:

WE WILL NOT BE SILENCED!



Whoever places on public or private property a symbol, object, appellation, characterization or graffiti, including, but not limited to, a burning cross, Nazi swastika, Dobbshead or burning twinkies, which one knows or has reasonable grounds to know arouses anger, alarm or resentment in others on the basis of race, color, creed, religion or gender commits disorderly conduct and shall be guilty of a misdemeanor. (Id. at 380, 112 S. Ct. at 2541.)

BOB "DOBBULAR" DEVIVAL '98

Christian Protestor Defeated!

Souls Saved!

Mass Marriage A-Go-Go!

Ragin' Pope Angus, reporting.

The January night skies were torn asunder by the cries of the faithful as the Church of the SubGenius rolled into town. Sponsored by mighty Fringeware at "Bob" Popular on 6th Street, the faithful came from miles around to get a hearty dose of Slack. Coming from such exotic locations as San Marcos and Uvalde, they were not disappointed as DJ Keithy Keith made a serious drain on the city electrical supply with his own special brand of Anti-Music.

Rev. Nickie Deathchick and Professor Insanity manned the Warez table near the entrance, selling the hell out of freshly printed T-shirts, mugs, CDs and anything else that wasn't nailed down.

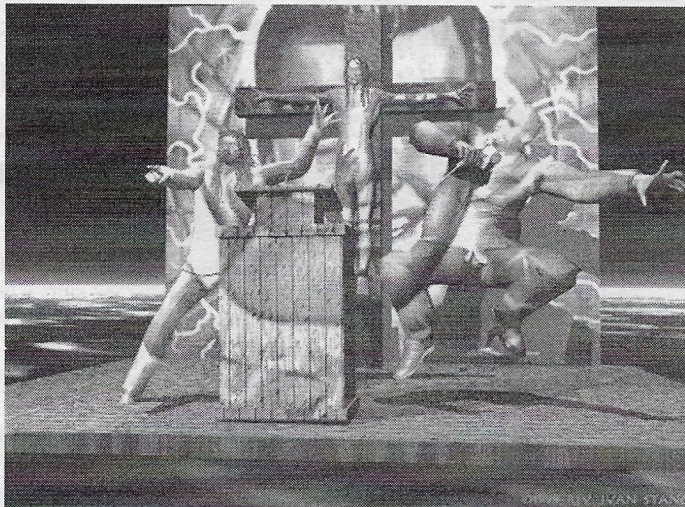
Local luminaries arose from their lairs, Dr. G. Gordon Gordon, Col. Sphinx Drummond and others were there on hand as 'fluffers' for all who would come.

The stage lights were lowered as the speakers around the room played the psychoacoustic delights of "Bob", much to the delight of the newbies and the cable-TV impaired. Then, from a darkened stage, the lights came on and there was MC Ragin' Pope Angus, his arms outstretched to the crowd. After offering a the Sacred Moment of God-Damned Noise and a short message of hope and salvation, the introductions were made of Rev. Paco X. Nathan from Fringeware, Steve Jackson of Steve Jackson Games, and the ever perky and delightful Satan's Cheerleaders.

"Bob's" messenger on Earth, Rev. Ivan Stang then came on stage and announced that it was to be an evening of preachin' to the choir, instead of trying to bring others into the fold. Rev. Stang shocked first timers as he IGNITED U.S. FEDERAL CURRENCY as a sacrifice to the Xist Recon Saucers that are already stationed above Earth.

By special arrangement with S.P.U.T.U.M., Doctor Dynasoar was released from his studies and transported

from his laboratories somewhere in Virginia to make a special outreach to those who doubted the hope that Slack offers us all. For those ladies who were still coherent after his stimulating BRAIN-WASH, Dr. Dynasoar shared a quality moment with them by DROPPING TROUSERS ON STAGE, a la Clinton.



It was about that time that all heck broke loose out on Sixth Street. Fundamentalists Christians started protesting the Devival outside the Club. Satan's Cheerleaders were quickly dispatched to offer SOUL CHECKS to the Christians. As a shining example of FREE CHOICE THINK, Rev. Nickie sprang forth and offered her soul as an example for those Christians who might have been hesitant to indulge in the carnal delights of the flesh. Rev. Jesus offered salvation to all via the Church Megaphone.

Pope Angus then offered himself as a sacrifice to their LOSER-GOD, but there was no fight to be had from anyone. And to confirm all things that occurred there, Rev. Stang got it all on videotape. Sister Decadence and Don the Love Slave-O-Matic came down from the north to experiment on the audience with their new neo-electronic aural photographic techniques. He escaped town before authorities could arrest him on using an untested atomic flashbulb on unwilling subjects.

Dr. K'taden Legume crashed onto the stage with a fiery rant that send the Pinks a' runnin'. As part of his psychological torture technique, he broke the crowds minds down and reassembled them as true SubGenius'. A poor crippled man limped onto the stage and MIRACLES UPON MIRACLES, Dr. Legume RIPPED away the cripples' cast, REBROKE and RESET his leg on STAGE!

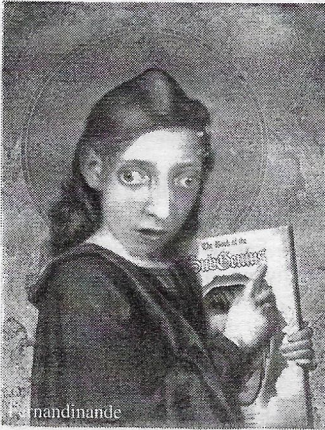
As an unexpected bonus, up from the masses jumped Dr. Juggle who delivered a skull numbing rapid fire rant that set the crowd on the edge of their seats. We'll all be watching his efforts to unite Austin into a cohesive military unit. Rev. Jesus H. Christ was in view during the entire service, ready to administer swift and painful justice to any naysayers who might have accidentally infiltrated the facility.

As customary, at midnight a Mass Marriage Ceremony was conducted by Rev. Ivan Stang.

I had never seen so many couples dedicated to short-term FORNICATION and ORGASM as I had that night. It was an inspiration to see this attempt to repopulate Earth with RIGHTTHINK. To send the newlyweds off in style, Dr. Legume performed a near perfect launching of the Palmerhead into the crowd. With the Palmerhead recovered, Rev. Stang lead the congregation with a rousing rendition of the Earth Anthem. With a proclamation of "ALL WORLDS OR NONE", the Devival was closed as the Austin Police closed in on the bar.

After the Devival, the crew retired to the compound of Rev. Paco where an orgy of psychohallucinogenic drugs, alcohol and OOZE-SQUIRT kept next door zoo animals awake until dawn.

As Sunday approached high noon, the CotSG then caravaned over to Fringeware Headquarters for bargains galore. Rev. Paco and crew have restocked by now, so check out their website at www.fringeware.com.



OTHER MUTANTS

Greetings fellow freaks. Yes we've managed to keep this thing updated. Special thanks this time to Rev Magdalen. You'll find most addresses are current! This is of course the extensive guide to your Brother and Sister SubGenii, as well as other freaks, visionaries, cults, and kooks. This time we focused on Music, Anti-Music, Noize, Clenches and Rival Cults. Don't forget to tell us of dead addresses and if you too are a Mutant worthy of recognition!

Some loose guidelines of how to be included in this most sacred of lists:

Be a renegade SubGenius or disorganized Clench distributing your own SubGenius propaganda, tapes, pamphlets, 'zines, holy relics, stickers, used napkins, etc., be a SubGenius or other Patriopsychotic Anarchomaterialist selling Church sanctioned merchandise, be a Subsymp (SubGenius sympathizer), and regularly advertising for the Church, or otherwise advancing "Bob's" directives. In otherwords "Ask not what "Bob" can do for you, ask what you can do for "Bob"-prescriptions 8:4. So, if you feel you are worthy of "Bob's" notice send us your info, with an example of your propaganda to: Other Mutants c/o The SubGenius Foundation 140306 Dallas, TX 75124. There can Be Only One. - Jesus

DISCLAIMER- The SubGenius Foundation Inc., it's officers, and share holders are in no way responsible for any result of attempting to contact the below organizations or individuals. We do not guarantee their services or necessarily support their views or opinions. If you are ripped off, it's your tough luck, but let us know and we will take it to grand high council, whereupon a decision will be handed down from Church Hierarchy and if deemed necessary the offending address will be removed from all records.

Jesus Christ's Mini Book Review

The Luckiest Unlucky Man Alive - Bill Goss

Book World Press ISBN 1-884962-17-3

This man is the first person I've met in years who I truly believe is related to Dobbs. His life has been a series of close calls with death — Starting with drowning in a sink while trying to look like Elvis, to taking a 45 feet, sixteen cartwheel flight after getting struck by a car, to contracting a rare, and deadly form of cancer. But he surfs the Luck Plane and has yet to cash in his chips. Bill contacted me some time ago to inform me of his top secret squadron of Naval Officers with the code name "The Bob's" who use Three Fisted Tales as their Bible, and are destroying the Conspiracy from within! Bill was recently ordained... I guess he knows no matter how lucky, no one can escape X Day.

SubGenius Music, Anti-Music, Rants, Noise

BARTLES, JOHN - PO Box 288, Springwater NY 14560 - As heard on HoS

The Bran Flakes - Rev. Otis F. Odder -PO Box 2704, Reno NV 89505, Planet Earth - Tapes, zine

Canobite, Dr. Onan -PO Box 2321 Portland, OR 97208-2321 - Tapes, Pamphlets, answers

Dad's New Slacks - Rev Townsend - P.O. Box 4272 - Portland, Maine 04101-4272 - mtownsend@interramp.com - Send a tape. Get a tape.

DR. BIZARRO & THE DISGUSTOS, IBOB Digital, PO Box 3405, Skokie IL 60076-6405 -- Zappaesque music tapes

EINSTEIN'S SECRET ORCHESTRA, ESO-Radio, PO Box 14776, Cleveland OH 44114 -- Amazing music and Firesign-like radio tapes

Hypercleats, Rev. Janor - c/o Hathorn, 8701 Evergreen, Little Rock, AR 72207 - Tapes and Propaganda

Kings of Feedback/OBE - Rev. Bill T. Miller - Box 221 Boston, MA 02123 - (617)LICK OBE - Tapes, CD, T-Shirts, Stickers. EVERY SubGenius should have the Bill Miller CD (see this list for more info)

Klingons - Rev Huber and Wanke - Briessetr 7 D-12053 Berlin GERMANY - klingon@berlin.netsurf.de - Music CD's

Mr. Smiley - Dr. 13 -The 13th Clench of the Minds Eye - 445 Webster St SF, CA 94117 - (415)270-8187- Heavy duty SubGenius Ginsu Rock - Send \$3 for latest sample tape. - www.angelfire.com/ca/bulldada - dr.13@sfnet.com

Phineas Narco - free email catalog at PO Box 1247, San Jose, CA 95108-1247- Janor and KPFA SubShow Tapes, Videos

Rudy Schwartz Project - Rev. Joe Newman - PO Box 4542 Austin, TX 78765-4542 - Music tapes, CDs -- EVERY SubGenius should have these albums.

Ryanetics Music, LTD: -Rev. Jimmy Ryan - 468 Ambleside Rd. Des Plaines, IL 60016 - High Octane guitar music and trippy sound collages. Home of the Flyin' Ryan Brothers

Spurbunnies - Rev. Byrnz - 1841 HWY 230W Bono, AR 72416 - Rantamusicinoinoise, also has 'Zine "The Leather Apron" Stickers and T-shirts. No samples send, take a chance, roll the bones...

SWINGING LOVE CORPSES - Overman Philo Drummond - 338 Lakewood, Ballwin MO 63011 - fropaholic mystery jazz acidbilly tunes

ZOOGZ RIFT - PO Box 18765 Encino, CA 91416-8765 - IZZYXK5@MVS.OAC.UCLA.EDU - Very adept must-have music tapes, CDs

Other Mutants Tapes, Music

A.C.E. TAPE CATALOG - 1643 Lee Rd. #9, Cleveland Hts., OH 44118 - 216-932-5421 - lectures by Leary, RAWilson, etc., even Stang

NEGATIVLAND -Negativmailorderland - 109 Minna #391, San Francisco CA 94105 - weirdest of the weirdo bands

R MOON & the NEW IMPROVED NIGHT NURSES, Holy Funk - Box 2329, San Anselmo, CA 94979 - angry hate rock

FRINGEWARE
a quarterly magazine...
a book store...
a web site...

topics include:
urban survival tactics
for a post-wired society
internet deconstruction
a mailorder catalog for
unusual books and products

contact:
FringeWare Inc.
2716 Guadalupe St.
Austin, TX 78705 USA
+1.512.494.9273 tel

http://www.fringeware.com/

Other SubGenius Products, Individual Mutants, Clenches

Boiler Room - PO Box 911, Nelson BC V1L 6A5 -
boilerom@netidea.com - Finally, mutant's are taking over
Canada! Write for a free catalogue. Books, Videos, T-Shirts,
Magazines.

Clench 2152: theanticonspiracyconspiracy - Rev. Father Lido -
510 Concord Drive, Menlo Park, CA 94025 - Publisher of
Epistle zine. Large fancy black-n-white SubGenius zine, worth
it. \$3

Dial-A-Dobbs - 1(900)226-5715 ext. 123 - \$2.00 per minute
JOE MAMA rants and OTHERS!

DOBBSTATTOOS - PAT FISH - Box 777, Santa Barbara, CA
93102 - SubG Tattoo Artist

Electrolights - div of Koppout Indust - Vincent Rideout - 6246
N Wayne #3, Chicago, IL 60660-1918 - Old appliances (toasters,
vaccums, etc.) into new lamps. Because appliances have more
than one life

Ephemera Buttons - 275 Capp St., San Francisco, CA 94110 -
Lucky Dobbs Button, many other sick/funny buttons, magnets,
etc.

Essential Media - Rev Kevin Segall - PO Box 661245, LA, CA
90066 - www.essentialmedia.com - Unique mail-order company
specializing in postmodern, alternative and fringe culture.
(Including SubGenius products) - Catalog Free but postage is
\$1.24

Erisian Grwfron - Rev. Azrzepia Hellspawn - PO Box 103,
Quinton NJ 08072 -Discordian Chaplain and PsyberMorphs,
Kaos Magik , seek SubGenii/Chaosists for correspondance/ idea
exchange.

Haus of Slack - Vancouver, BC CANADA- (604)517-1246

House of Slack - Calgary, Alberta CANADA - (403)276-
4193

Hedge, T. K. #221401 - RevEd. Zen Living-Ground - Box
100-oci, Somers, CT 06071 - Prolific madman/genius. Send
him a letter and expect to be bombarded with pages upon
pages of truly bizarre ranting and art. Address may change as
he is frequently shipped to different institutions. No one can
hold him!!!!

Joko the Clown - Rev. Elyja Rayler XXIII - PO Box 15445,
87174-5445 - Evil Clown propaganda.

KOLINAR - PO Box 937 , Boca Raton, FL 33429. The Rock
'n' Roll state of mind. Enlightenment for party animals

Looney Liberation Army - Rev. John Campbell - Corvallis
Clench/Punk Gang - 131 NW 4th St Suite #204, Corvallis, OR
97330 - Publishes LLA NewsLetter - Seems mostly dedicated to
fellow mutants imprisoned and brainwashed by the con.
johnc@pioneer.net

Luciferian Liberation Front - Peoples Temple, Free Urantia -
PO Box 17050, Fayetteville, NC 28314 - One of the greatest
and most mysterious Clenches. They have a newsletter,
pamphlets, and excellent propaganda. Only problem is we can't
find them! If you contact them let me know.

sLACK sTATION ZEBRA - Rev. Cmdr.Tom- PO Box 20004
Bow Valley Postal Outlet Calgary, Alberta T1H 3K6 CANADA

LAMPREY SYSTEMS "Software That Sucks!"- Saint Robert
Carr - P.O. Box 2761 Borah Station Boise, ID 83701- sick,
blasphemous Macintosh computer games

Ministry of Found Objects - Dr. Haba Kildare - 6 Stayman
Lane, Sewell, NJ 08080 - kildare@jersey.net - artists, collectors,
do-it-yourselfers, hobos, hunter-gatherers, performers, writers,
worshippers of clip art, and etc.

M.O.M (MOFO Outreach Ministry) - PO Box 21104
Seattle, WA 98111-3104

Montgomery, Rev. Paul - 7706 Independence, Merrillville, IN
46410 - All around good SubGenius - Write him if you're weird.

Mutants Against Majority Organization- Rev Booga- 249 Van
Meter, UMASS, Amherst, MA 01003 - Campus SubG
organization. Send SASE and ask for Newsletter.

Pawson, Mark - PO Box 664, LONDON E5 OJW, U.K. -
Buttons, London SubG Merch Dealer -- many original butons

Monroe, Rev. Elvis Polyester - The Rolling Donut Clench - 267
South Yale Ave Columbus, OH 43223-1343 - Trash Newsletter.
Send .50 and long SASE. Accepting Video/Vinyl/Tape for
review.

Riley, St. Joe -2523 San Paula Dallas, TX 75228 - "BOB" and
NHEE GHEE RUBBER MASKS, very sick comic - send \$2

**MARS NEEDS
LAWYERS!**

X-DAY MINUS 84

2\$ & 18+ age statement (yes, it's naughty)
Paul T. Olson • POB 3472 • Mpls. MN 55403

I AM ANOTHER MUTANT

Name

Organization

Address

Description (15 words or less)

Clench, Music, Zine, Individual, Cult, Other (circle)

Send with examples to New Mutants c/o The SubGenius Foundation 140306 Dallas,

very sick

The Hot Tub Mystery Religion - Steve Aydt, c/o Forbidden Books, 835 Exposition, Dallas, TX 75226 - "The HTMR seeks the manifestation of Earthly Paradise through consensual trances arising from sensory overstimulation." Also if in Dallas Forbidden books carries the best collection of Bulldada books and videos, stop by.

Insensitive Guys of America - PO Box 60488, Oklahoma City 73146 - Ran into them when lone nut SubG threaten their lives because of their motto "Fuck 'em if they can't take a joke!". Send \$6.95 for personalized, laminated membership card.

Kindred Spirits - Chris Coleman - Box W686 Norton, MA 02766 - Wheaton College's Sci Fi Club and World Take Over Conspiracy. 97ccc@phoenix.wheatonma.edu

The Moderate Traditionalist Vanguard - PO Box 52046 Minneapolis, MN 55402-5046 - schabe@LEGARTO.MINN.NET - para-political group dedicated to "Making Democracy A Threat Again.

Nether Eye - Bro. Clay Wanstrath - Peoples Republic of Nether Eye - PO Box 1684 W Chester, OH 45071 - Punk Band dedicated to seceding from the Planet. For citizen application send SASE

Order of Dionysus/ Sabazios - Joe Aufrikt, High Priest - PO Box 711 Lakewood, OH 44107 USA - Church of Satanic Youthfulness, Pediofilic Satanists - Send for info, tapes, 'Zine, products.

Terror Australis Clench - PO Box 528 Gosnells WA 6110, AUSTRALIA . Maybe the first (but not only) Australian Clench. Publishes SlackTower. Slack from way down under.

Von Fraumench, Popess Lilith - Fools Press 1122 E Pike ST #769, Seattle, WA 98122-3934 mitchell@interserv.com - Hangnail of the Stark Fist Sadomasticicist At Large.

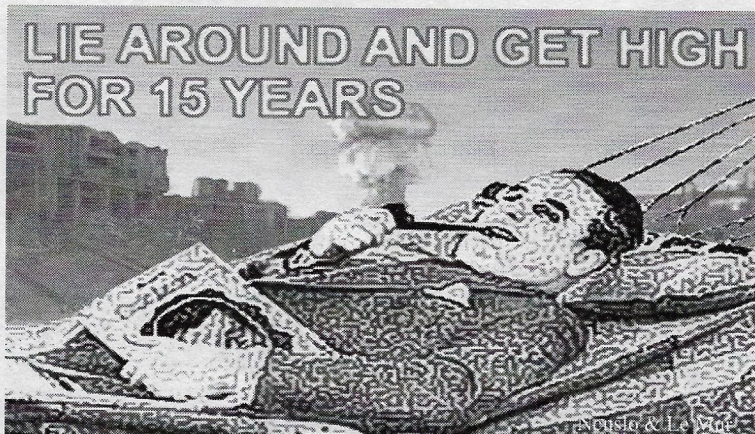
Rival Kooks, Cults, Wierdos and Enlightened

Church of Naughtiness - Paul Rowe - PO Box 748 Darlinghurst, New South Wales, 2010 AUSTRALIA. - Cult that "shares ideas, feelings, and/or naughty bits with each other", and does experimental theatre.

CHURCH OF NEW FAITH - PO Box 9152, Virginia Beach, VA 23450 - incredible preaching tapes... horrifying

Church of Euthanasia - Rev. Chris Korda - PO Box 261, Somerville, MA 02143 - Magazine "Snuff it"- Nonprofit educational foundation devoted to restoring balance between Humans and remaining species by massive voluntary population reduction. - www.paranoia.com/coe/- coe@netcom.com

FUCK magazine - Randall Phillip Publications, P.O. Box 2217, Philadelphia, PA 19103 - \$3 cash or M.O. - NOT for the squeamish - very



MUTANTS RESOURCES LIST - \$1

Jesus has begun trying to recreate and update the old Other Mutants and High Weirdness lists, bringing them into the Modern Age. INCREDIBLE: NO DEAD ADDRESSES!! LISTS ALL THE SUBGENII WHO WANT YOU TO KNOW THEY EXIST, AND TO BUY OR TRADE GOOD EVILS AND EVIL GOODS WITH THEM. Much like above except complete. 5 amazing pages of mutants, jokers and freaks.

**THIS BLANK SPACE
COURTESY OF
THE
IRREVEREND
FRIDAY JONES**

JOIN the BOYCOTT of PAPA JOE MAMA!

He isn't funny. He's dangerous. His sermons encourage hate and intolerance. He's not joking, he really dislikes most everyone, including women and minorities. Want proof? Check out his web site. It's all there.

members.aol.com/papajoemom/papajoe-mom.html

Or hear his 900# (but don't listen long, it's \$2 a minute)

Touch Tone: 1(900)226-5715 ext. 123 .

You be the judge. Then tell Stang to stop him!



Church of the SubGenius
PO Box 140306
Dallas, TX 75214
Return Postage Guaranteed

Bulk Rate
U.S. Postage
PAID
Dallas, TX
Permit NO 316